

The Magazine of the
National Football
League



September 1982

PRO!

1982 Countdown

*Trends: Young starters,
situation substitution*

Predictions:

*Six views
from the
TV booth*

Hall of Fame

*Photo
Contest
Winners*

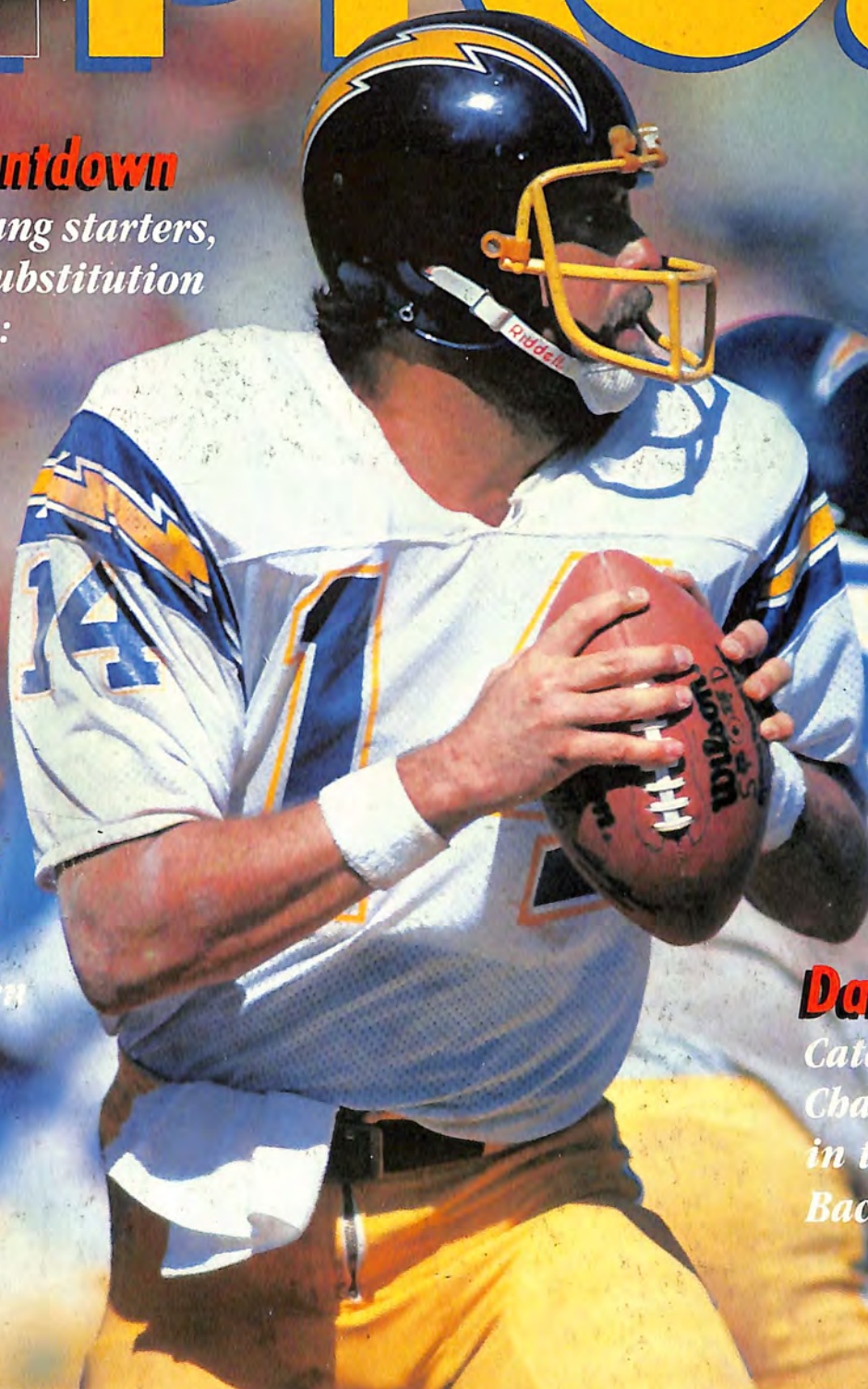
Hacksaw Reynolds

*Finds heaven
in the
Bahamas*

John Madden

*on Draft
Strategy*

San Diego



Dan Fouts

*Catching Up With
Chargers' Air Ace
in the Oregon
Backwoods*





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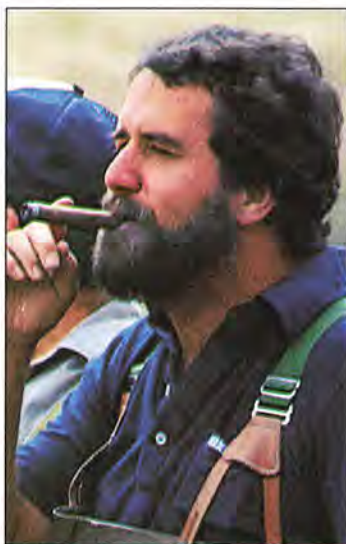
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PRO! DATA

Behind the Editorial Scenes

PHOTOGRAPHER JOHN STOREY OF the *San Francisco Examiner* recalls the startled looks on his friends' faces when he told them he and writer Frank Cooney had an assignment in San Salvador. "They thought we were going to get killed," Storey says.

The biggest danger, at least for Cooney, who has been on the *Examiner* sports staff since 1965, turned out to be barracuda, not bullets. He and Storey traveled to San Salvador Island in the Bahamas—where San Francisco 49ers linebacker Jack (Hacksaw) Reynolds and his wife Pat own a home—not San Salvador in El Salvador.

"It seemed strange not having newspapers or television while we were there," says Storey, whose vivid pictures accompany Cooney's story, "Hacksaw's Heaven," beginning on page 75. "There really was no communication with the outside world. The people were extremely friendly. They enjoy taking visitors out for a few drinks, particularly for their specialty, Bahama Mamas."



Frank Cooney and 9½-foot friend.

Part of Reynolds's hospitality included taking Cooney barracuda-hunting with snorkels and spears. "I was just hoping that Hacksaw was a good shot," says Cooney, who also went shark-fishing and landed a 9½-foot specimen.

Reynolds sometimes projects an image of being about as friendly as a shark with the media, but Cooney has found him quite different. "He puts on a pretty good front when dealing with the press, but I've always found him easy to get along with," Cooney says. "He's really intense during the season. He stays at the 49ers' training center until nine or

ten at night and then goes home and looks at more film.

"But once you get him away from the field he's completely different. He's so laid-back he makes Dwight Clark [Reynolds's teammate who is known for his easy-going manner] look like a hard-core businessman. Jack just sits around and lets Pat tell him what to do. And he's real happy about it."



Earl Gustkey



John Storey

San Diego Chargers quarterback Dan Fouts, like Reynolds, has his own little retreat in the offseason—Indian Ford, Oregon. When *Los Angeles Times* sportswriter Earl Gustkey returned from visiting Fouts, he also brought with him a few fish stories in addition to his piece, which starts on page 63.

Gustkey and free-lance photographer Darryl Norenberg accompanied Fouts and a few of his friends on a fishing trip in oar-boats on the Deschutes River. They navigated the river in two groups. Gustkey had to be rescued by Fouts when he jumped into the water that appeared thigh-deep.

"The other group had anchored in the middle of the river so I stuck my hiking stick in and it hit what I thought was bottom," Gustkey says. "It turned out to be the top of a rock. When I went in, my waders [rubber boots that go up to the armpits] suddenly filled with water and I must have weighed 400 pounds. Fortunately, Dan was able to pull me out."

Former Bills' and Broncos' running back Cookie Gilchrist, who is the subject of "Nostalgia," beginning on page 90, "still looks like Superman just as he always did," says author Larry Felser of the *Buffalo Evening News*.

"Cookie had a fifty-two inch chest and thirty-one-inch waist when he was playing," Felser recalls. "He never smoked or drank. He also was a very generous guy, one of the great check-grabbers. Even today, he never calls collect. I don't think he'd call Ralph Wilson [Bills' owner] collect. He still calls my daughters to wish them happy birthday." **PRO!**

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Common Sense

"BECAUSE..." THE PERSONNEL director blustered, "the son-of-a-gun has got a step on any receiver we've got in camp, he's played in a winning system, he's healthy, and he's intelligent." He took a deep breath, ladling fresh mortar around his position.

"You know, I saw a lot of him, coming out....I was at the school twice his senior year, I watched him for a week at Senior Bowl. He's a fine-talking guy—got good work habits."

The general manager sipped at a diet soda.

A team had called the personnel director, offering a prominent, veteran wide receiver in trade. The personnel director was telling the general manager he thought it was a deal to consider.

"Might turn this operation around, a big-play guy like him," the general manager mused.

"I think he could!" the personnel man blurted.

"Might," the general manager corrected. He paused. "Or might not."

"What'd they want for him?"

"Burnett." The personnel man's voice fell. "Burnett, and one other, or a choice. They said if it was just Burnett, it'd have to be a fourth or better."

Burnett was their backup center, a second-year kid, an excellent long-snapper and stronger than a Turk's breath.

The general manager tapped his soda can on a blotter, making wet rings.

"How long you figure Burnett will play in this league?" he asked.

"Center," the personnel man said. "Center, strong like he is...I guess he could play ten years or more."

The general manager nodded. "I'd figure ten, anyway. And how old is their guy, the receiver?"

The personnel man worked at keeping the edge out of his voice. "Twenty-nine. He was twenty-three when he came out, and he's six years in the league."

The general manager frowned. "What



round was it that wide-out went, the year he came out?"

The personnel man didn't hesitate.

"Third round."

"Means we had three looks at him before they did," the general manager murmured. He raised his eyes to stare at his personnel man.

"But we didn't take him. When he was fresh...when he was coming out as a prime rookie...we didn't think enough of him to take him in the third round."

The personnel man made a fist and glared at it.

"I've never been in the business of being able to forecast accurately...."

The general manager interrupted.

"But you do," he said. "Forecasting is the business you're in."

"I meant...."

"Don't take it personally, I'm not faulting you or saying you made a mistake, not taking him."

The personnel man kept his silence.

"Where's the average wide-out, in this business, when he's twenty-nine?"

The personnel man bristled again. He had convictions.

"Well, there's plenty of them who...."

"We're not talking about *plenty*...I said the *average* one."

There was a pause, then the personnel man said, "Average one doesn't make it to twenty-nine."

"Why do you suppose they want to get rid of him?" he asked.

"Don't know that they do. We just were visiting and his name came up...no different than a dozen calls like that I get every week."

"Wrong."

The personnel man looked puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that's the second time I've heard his name this week. Falcons guy told me two days ago he'd heard they were looking to unload him."

"I wouldn't mind us being where they unloaded him, then," said the personnel man. He didn't quit easily.

"Why are you so hot for him?" The general manager's voice took an edge.

"Hell, look at their track record! They're wearing Super Bowl rings...a couple of 'em...and we're not. And he was the class of their receiver corps."

"Was!" the general manager said.

"Their people down there...they aren't Ned in the first reader, I'll promise you that. They're alert and observant and on top of their own situation. They wouldn't spin his name around...unless they had something in mind."

"Well, I wouldn't know about that..." the personnel man began.

"But I would," the general manager finished for him. "They aren't offering him to us in hopes of improving our team; there's a reason they want to move him. Boiled down, they're asking us to trade a lot of future for one guy who's just about run out of present."

"Guess I hadn't looked at it quite like that," the personnel man said.

The general manager stared beyond the room toward a practice field at the last stragglers leaving after practice.

"We've got a good system," he said. "The trick is being patient enough, and believing in it enough to let it work for us. If you'll just let it work, it will. Sometimes it can look attractive to break from it, but that's usually when you get hurt."

"Besides, I been watching that kid receiver you found...that free agent. Looks like he's got a chance."

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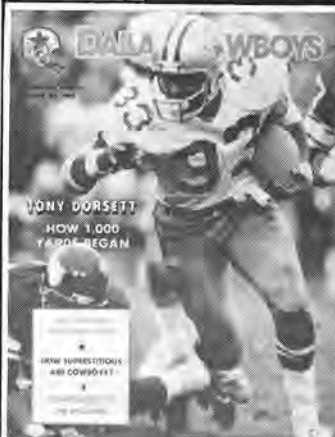
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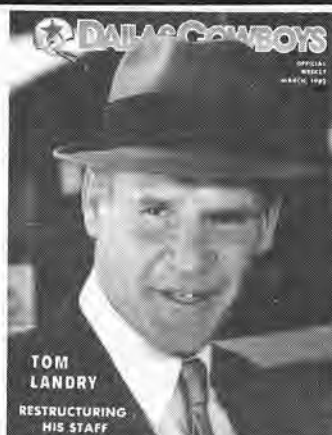
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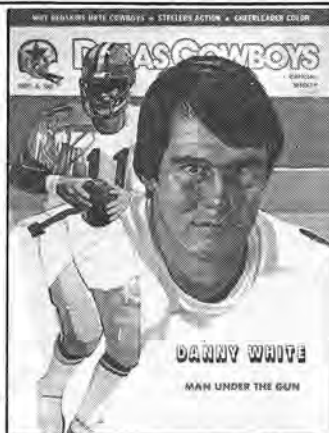
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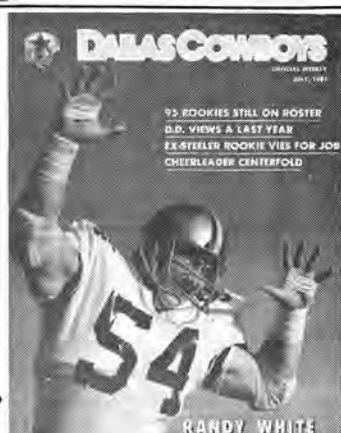


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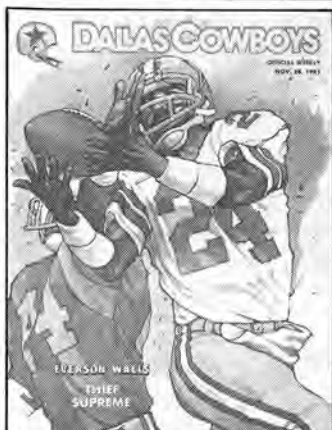
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New York State of Mindlessness

By Leigh Montville

THE CHILDREN ARE TRAINED pretty well now. A lot can be accomplished in six months, and I figure I have at least a few more weeks of grace. The children will be ready when the true crunch arrives.

"Richard Todd!"

See what I mean?

One signal from me and these kids scamper. See how they immediately dive under a couch, a table, a desk, a chair? Notice how they cover their eyes with their hands, plugging their ears with their index fingers at the same time. I taught them that.

"Lawrence Taylor!"

No fooling here. Look at these kids. Watch them crawl low across the living room, down the stairs and into the basement shelter I have built. Say what you want about the New York Jets. Praise the New York Giants, if you wish, as the greatest expeditionary force since Hannibal took to the mountains. The media fallout will not touch my people.

They are survivors. It does not matter that both New York professional football teams are good again. My people are prepared for the public-relations heat.

"Marvin Powell!"

See? My wife immediately turns the television to a PBS documentary about Renaissance art. The family attack dog has been trained to carry already-prepared letters to the post office canceling my subscriptions to all magazines and newspapers. Grandmother bolts all doors and removes her hearing aid.

I know other citizens have spent great time during this offseason with other, more-publicized worries about pro football—whether or not the players would strike, whether the Oakland Raiders would play their home schedule within the continental United States, whether Bill Walsh's offense could end world hunger—but I have recognized this true peril. The emergence of the Giants and the Jets will not corrupt my people.

"Little Joe Danelo!"

Already the big offset presses are whir-



ring. I know they are. The life stories of Mark Gastineau, Joe Klecko, and Rob Carpenter surely are on the way. The Giants' linebackers no doubt have formed a singing group. Marvin Powell not only wants to run for President, but probably will. The TV producers are producing. The button-downs are running up and down Madison Avenue. Phil Simms will be endorsing seven different types of razor blades by nightfall. I know.

I have seen the scope of this problem since December 27, that infamous date two days after last Christmas. Remember? The Jets were in the playoffs, losing to the Buffalo Bills 31-27. The Giants were in the playoffs, beating the Philadelphia Eagles 27-21. Same day. Both New York teams. Both young and improving. God save us all.

"Wesley Walker!"

See? These kids jump. I was at work on all this before the kickoff of the second half of the second game. The words are going to be impossible now. Worst ever.

New York is New York. Understand? New York is the media magnifying glass. Nice things happen to sports teams in Pittsburgh or Miami or San Francisco, and they simply are nice things. Pleasant events. Success stories. Nice things happen in New York, and they are TRENDS.

The teams are HOT. The players are MARKETABLE. Their game is CHIC.

Do something in Kansas City, and you have done something in Kansas City. Do something in New York, and you will be modeling designer jeans, sitting next to Dr. Joyce Brothers on a talk-show couch, or having your portrait painted by Leroy Neiman in substantial drips and drops. Understand? This is not fantasy. This is fact.

I know. I have been hit, full-force, with this New York media blast in the past. I was a victim.

"Ray Perkins!"

The first time the bomb landed, I was about the same age as these kids. (See how they stuff the blankets under the doors? I also taught them that.) I was in my formative years. Football was just a game, the Giants were just a team, and the Jets were nothing more than a twinkle in Sonny Werblin's corporate eye.

Then the Giants became good.

Remember? This was the 1950s. Sam Huff suddenly was on television, a red-dogging David pitted against some Goliath who played for a team in Cleveland. Charlie Conerly was wearing a cowboy hat, squinting into the sunset and lighting up a Marlboro. Frank Gifford was playing both ways when he wasn't making movies or recovering in the hospital. Half the male babies in the Bronx were named "Kyle." Football was a national religion, a "metaphor for our violent society," a cocktail-party conversation that surpassed foreign films and foreign affairs in popularity.

I was young. What did I know? Before the Giants became good, I thought maybe I'd like to be Mickey Mantle and learn how to slow dance with girls. By the time the Giants' run had ended, my ambition was to get a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, so I could buy Giants season tickets and visit Toots Shor's restaurant to argue about the fate of Allie Sherman with strangers at the bar. I was a goner. I bought the package.

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Photo: Michael Zagaris

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Observations/Montville

Alex Webster was the greatest fullback who ever lived. The first name of any great lineman had to be "Roosevelt." Y.A. Tittle needed only one more miracle to be a certified saint. Pro football might have been invented in Canton, Ohio, but it never was perfected until these guys in blue uniforms started doing what they did on the green grass of Yankee Stadium. *Time Magazine* said so. Everybody said so.

I said so, too.

"Greg Buttle!"

Then the Jets hit. I might have learned that there were other teams and other good players, a more normal view of this sport, if the Jets and Joe Namath hadn't arrived on the media scene at approximately the same time the Giants were leaving. The way it happened, though, the focus just shifted across town to the events at Shea Stadium.

Had there ever been a bigger sports event than the Jets' victory in Super Bowl III? I listed the historical importance of this game the way I learned it.

1. Creation.
2. Invention of the wheel.
3. Jets beat Baltimore.
4. Man lands on moon.
5. Invention of the pull-tab can.

Had there ever been a bigger character on the sports stage than Namath? I listed him with the greats in American history. Everyone did.

1. Abraham Lincoln.
2. Joe Namath.
3. George Washington.
4. Thomas Alva Edison.
5. Emerson Boozer.

I read all the biographies about Namath. I read an entire book on Weeb Ewbank. (Weeb Ewbank?)

"Abdul Salaam!"

When the Jets died, playing their final postseason game with Namath on a windy day at the end of the 1969 season, pro football also seemed to die. I couldn't find it anymore at all the familiar places.

The same people who had talked about blitzes and Andy Robustelli, about Don Maynard and about Jim Turner's high-cut shoes, suddenly wanted to talk about house plants. Or est. Or disco fashion.

"But football is a metaphor for our times," I'd say.

"Glitter and quadrophonic speakers are metaphors for our times," I was told.

I was lost. I knew the game was going

well, because the attendance and the TV figures kept growing larger, but I couldn't relate to it anymore. The game was a game again. The sport was a sport.

"Scott Brunner!"

That is why I do what I do. It's too late for me. I will walk forever in a Namath slouch, ordering Johnnie Walker Red, calling every head-on tackle "a symbol of the turmoil of modern man," dreaming dreams of Gifford in the open field. My people, though, will not be touched by this new blast.

"How good can Joe Montana be? He's never even been on the Merv Griffin Show."

My kids never will say something like that.

"If Garo Yepremian was such a good kicker then why isn't he doing the CBS broadcasts?"

No.

I already have guided these kids through some scary situations. They know that there was baseball before George Steinbrenner, basketball before Bill Bradley, country and western music before 1981. They will know the truth about pro football, too.

"Walt Michaels!"

See? I say one name of one player or coach of either the Giants or Jets and the entire operation begins. We're down to 49.5 seconds now, total security, and I think we can knock another 10 seconds off by September.

"Butch Woolfolk!"

The family will be locked in the shelter. I personally will throw away the key. There is enough food, water, and videotapes of O.J. Simpson to last for an entire season. Not one word about Brad Van Pelt or Dave Jennings can penetrate. Not one hyperbolic phrase about Lam Jones. Not one New York Sack Exchange statistic. I have prepared for this. I think I have prepared well.

My place will be back in the living room. I will be there to deflect any extra unexpected bursts of enthusiasm and hype that might appear. It is a hard job, an impossible job, but I will do my best. The Jets are good. The Giants are good. There is no stopping the inevitable damage that will be done to me, but I will try. For my people.

I figure I have enough perspective to last until about October. I await Pat Leahy's kickoff.

"Pat Leahy!"

See?

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IT FIGURES

Pro Football by the Numbers

By Steve Hirdt

Averaging Lesson—Some call it "parity." Others favor the phrase "competitive balance." Semantics aside, the decreasing number of truly dominant NFL teams has been a subject of recent discussion among club executives, reporters, and fans.

The question under discussion is a subjective one: Is it more appealing for a sports league to have many of its teams at the extremes (very good and very bad), or is it "better" to have a number of teams of approximately the same quality, with a few clear-cut superior and inferior teams? Opinions vary, but the evidence is quite clear that since 1978, which was the first year of the NFL's 16-game schedule and revised scheduling process, the league has had more teams play at or near the .500 mark, and has had fewer teams at the high- and low-water marks, than at any time in its recent history.

Last season, 12 of the NFL's 28 teams finished the season with records of 9-7, 8-8, or 7-9. That was an increase of four teams over 1980. In 1979, there were 10 teams at 9-7, 8-8, or 7-9; in 1978, there were 13, an all-time high. Thus, in the last four years, 43 teams, or 38.4 percent of the league, have finished the season with records between 9-7 and 7-9. That represents by far the highest percentage of "average" teams in pro football in the last 20 years.

For purposes of this study, the following definitions were applied to the final standings of the NFL and AFL for each season from 1962 to 1981:

Superior teams finished seven or more games above .500;

Good teams finished from three to six games above .500;

Average teams finished from two games below .500 to two games above .500;

Poor teams finished from three to six games below .500;

Inferior teams finished seven or more games below .500.

The percentages for each four-year sample:



| | Superior | Good | Average | Poor | Inferior |
|---------|----------|------|---------|------|----------|
| 1962-65 | 20.5 | 14.7 | 27.3 | 25.0 | 12.5 |
| 1966-69 | 17.8 | 19.8 | 24.8 | 21.8 | 15.8 |
| 1970-73 | 13.5 | 24.0 | 26.0 | 23.0 | 13.5 |
| 1974-77 | 16.7 | 21.3 | 24.0 | 21.3 | 16.7 |
| 1978-81 | 10.7 | 21.4 | 38.4 | 17.9 | 11.6 |

Along with the recent jump in the percentage of teams defined as "average," there has been a corresponding decline in teams at either end of the performance spectrum. In each of the last five seasons, less than 15 percent of the NFL's teams have finished in the "superior" group. (In the 15 years from 1962 to 1976, there never had been more than two successive seasons in which there were less than 15 percent in the top group.) However, each of the last four seasons also has produced less than 15 percent in the "inferior" category—a also a first for the 20-year study period.

The schedule pattern, the lack of recent expansion, and fewer draft-choice trades all have been mentioned as contributing factors to the balance exhibited in recent years. But whatever the reasons, the NFL's last four years have been the most prosperous in terms of attendance and television ratings of any four-year period in the league's history.

Sack Time—An offense's pass protection and a defense's pass rush always have been judged by looking at the

number of sacks allowed and sacks accumulated. A more exact method, however, might be to look at sacks in relation to the number of passes thrown.

The following tables rank the AFC and NFC teams, offensively and defensively, in "sacks per 100 dropbacks" in 1981 with a "dropback" defined as the total of passes and sacks.

| AFC OFFENSE | | | | AFC DEFENSE | | | |
|-------------|--------|-------|--------------|-------------|--------|-------|--------------|
| Team | Passes | Sacks | Rate per 100 | Team | Passes | Sacks | Rate per 100 |
| San Diego | 629 | 19 | 2.93 | N.Y. Jets | 505 | 66 | 11.56 |
| Buffalo | 503 | 16 | 3.08 | Buffalo | 474 | 47 | 9.02 |
| Pittsburgh | 461 | 27 | 5.53 | Oakland | 537 | 52 | 8.83 |
| N.Y. Jets | 507 | 30 | 5.59 | San Diego | 571 | 47 | 7.61 |
| Miami | 498 | 30 | 5.68 | Cincinnati | 548 | 42 | 7.12 |
| Cincinnati | 550 | 35 | 5.98 | Miami | 509 | 38 | 6.95 |
| Cleveland | 624 | 40 | 6.02 | Pittsburgh | 544 | 40 | 6.85 |
| Seattle | 524 | 37 | 6.60 | Denver | 497 | 36 | 6.69 |
| Baltimore | 479 | 37 | 7.17 | Seattle | 502 | 36 | 6.69 |
| Kansas City | 410 | 37 | 8.28 | Houston | 502 | 33 | 6.17 |
| Houston | 441 | 40 | 8.32 | Cleveland | 469 | 29 | 5.82 |
| New England | 482 | 45 | 8.54 | Kansas City | 567 | 27 | 4.55 |
| Oakland | 545 | 53 | 8.86 | New England | 439 | 20 | 4.36 |
| Denver | 485 | 61 | 11.17 | Baltimore | 491 | 13 | 2.58 |

| NFC OFFENSE | | | | NFC DEFENSE | | | |
|---------------|--------|-------|--------------|---------------|--------|-------|--------------|
| Team | Passes | Sacks | Rate per 100 | Team | Passes | Sacks | Rate per 100 |
| Tampa Bay | 473 | 19 | 3.86 | Detroit | 475 | 47 | 9.00 |
| Minnesota | 709 | 29 | 3.93 | Los Angeles | 439 | 43 | 8.92 |
| Philadelphia | 476 | 22 | 4.42 | Dallas | 511 | 42 | 7.59 |
| San Francisco | 517 | 29 | 5.31 | N.Y. Giants | 544 | 44 | 7.48 |
| Washington | 525 | 30 | 5.41 | Philadelphia | 507 | 40 | 7.31 |
| Atlanta | 563 | 37 | 6.17 | Green Bay | 505 | 36 | 6.65 |
| Dallas | 439 | 31 | 6.60 | Washington | 452 | 32 | 6.61 |
| Chicago | 489 | 35 | 6.68 | San Francisco | 514 | 36 | 6.55 |
| N.Y. Giants | 506 | 47 | 8.50 | Minnesota | 481 | 33 | 6.42 |
| New Orleans | 441 | 41 | 8.51 | St. Louis | 495 | 32 | 6.07 |
| St. Louis | 477 | 48 | 9.14 | Chicago | 525 | 31 | 5.58 |
| Detroit | 436 | 44 | 9.17 | New Orleans | 471 | 27 | 5.42 |
| Green Bay | 514 | 52 | 9.19 | Atlanta | 565 | 29 | 4.88 |
| Los Angeles | 477 | 50 | 9.49 | Tampa Bay | 541 | 23 | 4.08 |

Facts and Figures—Green Bay's Jan Stenerud not only set the all-time single-season NFL record for field goal accuracy (22 of 24, 91.7 percent) in 1981, but he reached 100 points in a season for the sixth time in his career, tying the NFL record shared by Gino Cappelletti, George Blanda, and Bruce Gossett. Stenerud scored more than 100 points in each of his first five pro seasons (1967-1971) with Kansas City.

• Minnesota wide receiver Ahmad Rashad caught 58 passes last season, the sixth consecutive year in which he has surpassed 50. That's one short of the record for consecutive 50-catch seasons, shared by Art Powell (1960-66) and Lance Alworth (1963-69).

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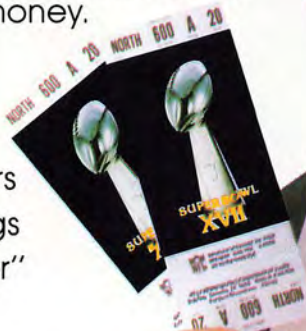
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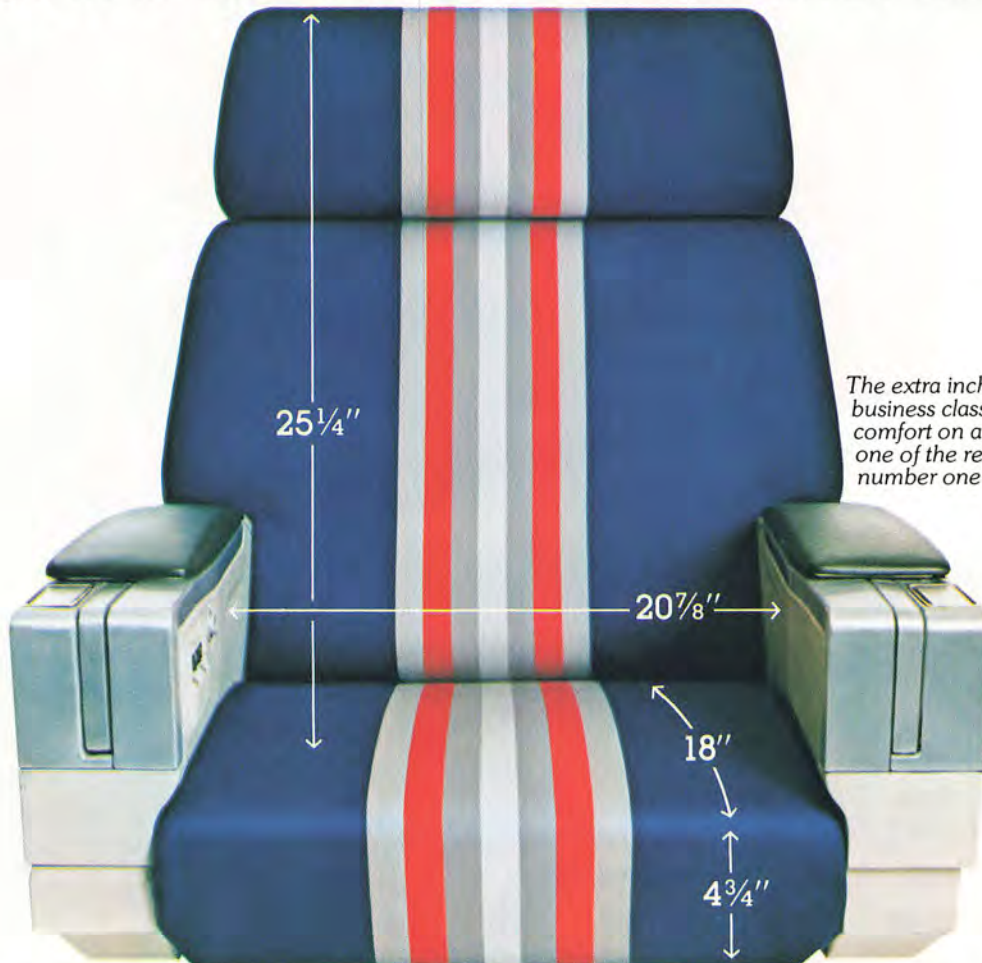
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PEOPLE

By Ed Wisneski



Viking Children's Fund Makes Lots of Cents

Members of the fraternities and sororities at the University of Minnesota never will be accused of penny-pinching. They broke into their piggy banks earlier this year for a project aimed at raising money for the Viking Children's Fund—and established a world record for the largest penny display.

The students and several Vikings gathered at a shopping mall to lay down the pennies in the design of the Minnesota Vikings' logo. It took three days to arrange 549,050 pennies (collected from 1,971 students), which covered 2,144.8 square feet and weighed 3,660.3 pounds (more than 1½ tons).

One of the toughest jobs belonged to Joyanne Stahl at National City Bank, who counted all the pennies and provided the official verification that was submitted to the committee for the Guinness Book of World Records.

The bank was grateful for the pennies, which amounted to almost 10 times the monthly allotment it receives from the Federal Reserve. The Viking Children's Fund was \$5,563 richer (with a few dimes and dollars added to the pennies).

The fund was established in 1978 in conjunction with the University of Minnesota Foundation to assist organizations that research children's diseases. Last

Vikings safety Keith Nord (below) arranges a few dollar's worth of the 549,050 pennies.



fall the wives of some of the players organized an "Evening With the Vikings," which contributed \$60,000 to the fund. One of the main events was an auction. Coach Bud Grant became so involved that he was persuaded to part with his sacred coaching cap and even his hush puppies, which he removed on stage.

"We created the fund because we were looking for a way to work together as a cohesive unit with our community," said Vikings vice president-general manager Mike Lynn. "Everyone from the staff to the players and their families had always been active, but we were often working in separate directions...Now we work together and what we accomplish is amazing."

A.J. Montana and Parnelli Reynolds

Bill Walsh was holding his breath, Joe Montana was having a ball, and Jack (Hacksaw) Reynolds probably was wishing he'd stuck with his favorite jeep instead of a 1982 Toyota Celica GT-S Lift-back.



A fast life for Montana (left), Reynolds.

The scene was the pro/celebrity race during the Toyota Long Beach (California) Grand Prix weekend in which Formula One race cars are driven through the city's streets.

Montana and Reynolds, two of the key players in the San Francisco 49ers' Super Bowl XVI victory, were part of a 16-car field that included such notables as rock and roll star Ted Nugent, actress Jenilee Harrison (co-star of the television series "Three's Company"), and former Olympic decathlon champion Bruce Jenner. Among the professional drivers in the pro/celebrity were Dan Gurney, Parnelli Jones (who crashed early in the race), and Mark Thatcher, son of British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher.

"The driving was unbelievable," Montana says. "It was so much fun I want to go to high-performance driving school."

Unlike some of the other celebrities, Montana never had driven in a race be-



**"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken."**

PEOPLE

fore. He had just three days of practice; and on one of his trial runs with his instructor, he spun off the road and barely missed a wall.

Fortunately, coach Walsh was not there for the event. "I talked to Bill about it before I went," Montana says, "but I don't think he knew what it involved."

After cruising in last place for a while, Montana picked up his pace and finished tenth overall (seventh among the 11 celebrities). Jenner was first overall, the first celebrity ever to win twice. And Hacksaw? The only driver he beat was Parnelli Jones.

Lyons Spares No Ribs



Fingers work faster than a fork for Lyons.

New York Jets starting defensive tackle Marty Lyons demonstrated the proper technique for legal use of the hands earlier this year when he devoured 34 spare-ribs without utensils in three minutes to tie for first place in the annual spareribs-eating contest held at Rusty's, a Manhattan restaurant owned by Rusty Staub of the New York Mets.

Lyons and former Giants offensive guard Dick Enderle both broke the record of 32 held by former New York Knicks star Willis Reed, now the basketball coach at Creighton University.

Where did Lyons pick up his eating habits? Perhaps at the University of Alabama, where he was an All-America lineman for a coach named Bear.

Soaring Sea Gal



It's a Seabawk, it's a plane, it's Sea Gal Karen Godwin sky-diving from 2,800 feet and landing safely. The aspiring astronaut made sure first jump came after cheerleader tryouts.



Seattle Seahawks cheerleader Karen Godwin not only flies airplanes, she jumps out of them, too.

But that almost seems like a "normal" point of progression for this adventurous 5-foot 2½-inch bundle of energy who has been fishing "as long as I can remember," water and snow skiing since she was 8, and hunting since age 10. She used to fix her own motorcycle



and can put in new sparkplugs, change the oil, and give her car a basic tuneup.

In 1980 she and fellow Sea Gal Lorrie Slaughter won the kayak competition on CBS-TV's "The Battle of the NFL Cheerleaders" in Atlantic City, New Jersey. She's considering climbing Mt. Rainier and can beat the pants off her friends in "pickle ball," a game played with a wiffle ball and large paddles over a tennis-

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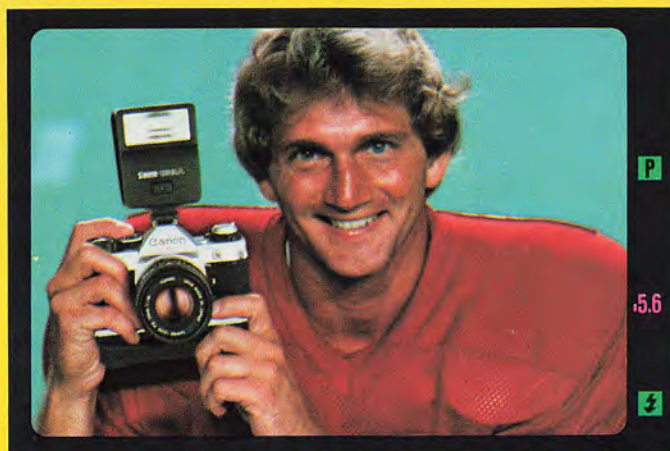
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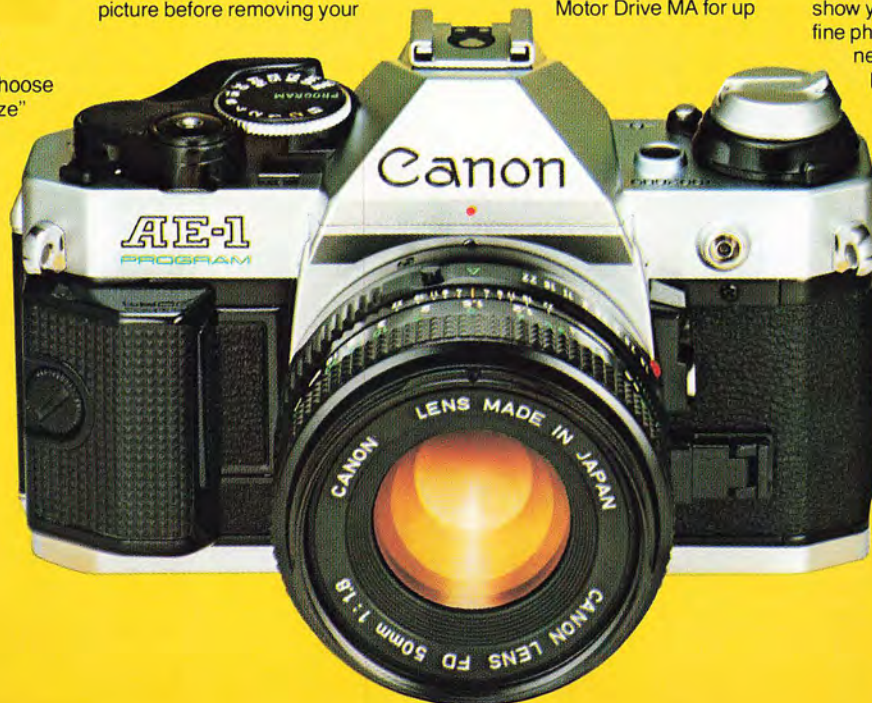
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like net. And, oh yes, she's very serious about becoming an astronaut.

"I was born in Texas and grew up on an apple orchard in Eastern Washington [Tonasket]. I guess that's where I get my independence."

And her courage. Some pilot friends once advised her never to leave a perfectly good airplane, but that didn't stop her from skydiving at the Issaquah Parachute Center outside of Seattle with two other Sea Gals, Tori Bosler and Robin Houlbjerg.

"It was a personal challenge," Godwin says. "All my life I'd been terrified of doing something like that. People thought I was absolutely crazy, including my parents. But after going through the classroom sessions and training, my fear turned to excitement. It wasn't scary. The hardest part was getting up the nerve to drive out to the center."

They had planned to try their first jump before cheerleader tryouts, but decided it might be better to do it afterward. The plane dropped them from 2,800 feet, and it was "exhilarating."

In May, Godwin performed her first solo plane flight on her birthday. She hopes to get a private license soon, and eventually a commercial license and instrument rating. But her burning desire is to fly jets and join the space program.

She has taken the Navy's four-hour written examination and plans to apply officially for consideration in September, when only three civilians are accepted into the Naval Aviation Program in Pensacola, Florida. But there's an obstacle of one-and-a-half inches that seems like 3,000 miles.

"The minimum height requirement is 5-4," says Godwin, a University of Washington graduate who works for a data processing company. "When I went to Whidbey Island [Naval Air Station] to be measured, they admitted I had a long enough reach. I also have long legs, and my sitting height is fine. They were afraid at first I wouldn't be able to see out of the cockpit."

Godwin realizes that the odds are against her fulfilling her ambition, but that hasn't deterred her from trying. "Too many people give up on their dreams, and that's a shame," she says. "Perhaps I'll never reach mine. But if you quit reaching for it, then that's when you've failed."

If persistence alone can stretch either her or the rules, then some day Karen Godwin may get her chance.

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Art Rooney

Owner, Pittsburgh Steelers

By Phil Musick

SOME ESSENTIAL TIDBITS FOR PROFESSIONAL football trivia collectors, Irishmen everywhere, and the five million or so who call themselves close personal friends of Pittsburgh Steelers owner Art Rooney, who after 40 years in the NFL wilderness became the only man to own four Vince Lombardi trophies.

Name: Arthur J. Rooney.

Age: 81.

Birthplace: Coulter, Pennsylvania (a mining town near Pittsburgh).

Height: 5 feet, 9 inches.

Weight: 170 pounds.

Education: Indiana Normal (Pennsylvania), Georgetown University.

Daily routine: Up at 5:45 A.M., mile walk to the Steelers' offices in Three Rivers Stadium before 9 A.M., seven days a week. "I could be the watchman here ... I might as well loaf in the stadium as at home." Goes to bed at 11:30 P.M. "after the news."

Family information: Rooney's wife Kathleen has borne him five sons. Eldest, Dan, is the president of the Steelers; Art, Jr., runs the scouting department; twins Pat and John, and Tim, each run one of the family's three race-tracks. Rooney has 34 grandchildren, one great-grandchild (who also is the grandson of New York Giants owner Wellington Mara).

Favorite food: "There isn't any bad food, although I'm a meat-and-potatoes guy."

Favorite writers: Damon Runyon, Grantland Rice, Red Smith. "Sports-writers. They were all my friends. They were racetrack guys and so was I."

Favorite book: *The History of Ireland*. "They all used to be heathens."

Favorite television show: "Gun-smoke."

Favorite TV personality: Merlin Olsen of "Father Murphy."

Favorite quote: Dozens spawned by the 1920s and 1930s "that nobody around here seems to understand."

Earliest sports memory: The playground next to his father's neighborhood saloon in Pittsburgh. "I was an athlete from the time I can remember."

Favorite athlete: "All of them. I've



been close to so many, and they were all heroes to me."

Favorite epithet: Rarely swears, but when angry says "Phoo!"

Favorite sport other than football: Baseball. "I hardly ever miss a Pirate game."

Favorite Pittsburgh athlete: ex-light heavyweight champion Billy Conn. "He was as much a part of Pittsburgh as the steel mills."

Personal all-star team of Steelers who were Super but never made the Bowl: Offense—Buddy Dial, Jimmy Orr, Ray Mathews. Tight end—Elbie Nickel. Tackles—Bob Gaona, Frank Varrichione, Charley Bradshaw. Guards—Red Moore, Jack Wiley. Center—Bill Walsh. Quarterback—Jim Finks. Halfbacks—Lynn Chandnois, Dick Hoak, Tom Tracy. Fullback—John Henry Johnson. Defense—Ends—Bill McPeak, John Baker. Tackles—Ernie Stautner, Gene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb. Nose guard—Chuck Mehelich. Linebackers—Dale Dodrill, Jerry Shipkey, Myron Potlios. Defensive backs—Bill Dudley, Jack Butler, Gary Glick. Punter—Pat Brady. Placekicker—Lou Michaels. Honorable mention: Dozens of others.

Favorite season: 1974. "I enjoyed them all, even the years when I had to walk in the alleys instead of on the main drag, but we finally won in 1974 and I knew we weren't waiting around to get beat any more."

Most memorable character: Johnny Blood (McNally), who coached the Steelers from 1937 through 1939.

"Nobody would even believe some of the things he did. One of our veterans said once, 'This is the only team I've been on where the players worry about the coach, instead of the other way around.' Once he even missed a game. I was going to fire him, but the players loved him. So I told him, 'John, you have to make the games.'"

Greatest surprise: Steelers' 1972 playoff game against Oakland, won on the final play of the game on deflected pass later called the Immaculate Reception. "When it happened, I was in the elevator on the way down to console the players."

Funniest incident: Near-fight with George Halas over a disputed \$500 following a Steelers game against the Chicago Bears. "It's one of those you-had-to-be-there ones. We argued and George said, 'You want to fight me for the \$500?' I said I didn't and after a while he gave in and paid me. When I was leaving, I told him, 'You know, George, you weren't any sure thing to win that \$500.'"

Jobs outside football: Minor-league baseball player and, briefly, steelworker. "Once I had a steel job for half of a day. I never went back to collect my pay."

Favorite cigar: Any kind. "Halas sends me some good ones, although they don't have a wrapper."

Favorite racetracks: "The ones where I won the most money. I favored Jamaica, a track in New York that closed. I always had a feel for horses, particularly there."

Favorite racehorses: Little Harp. "A nice horse; I made some good touches with him."

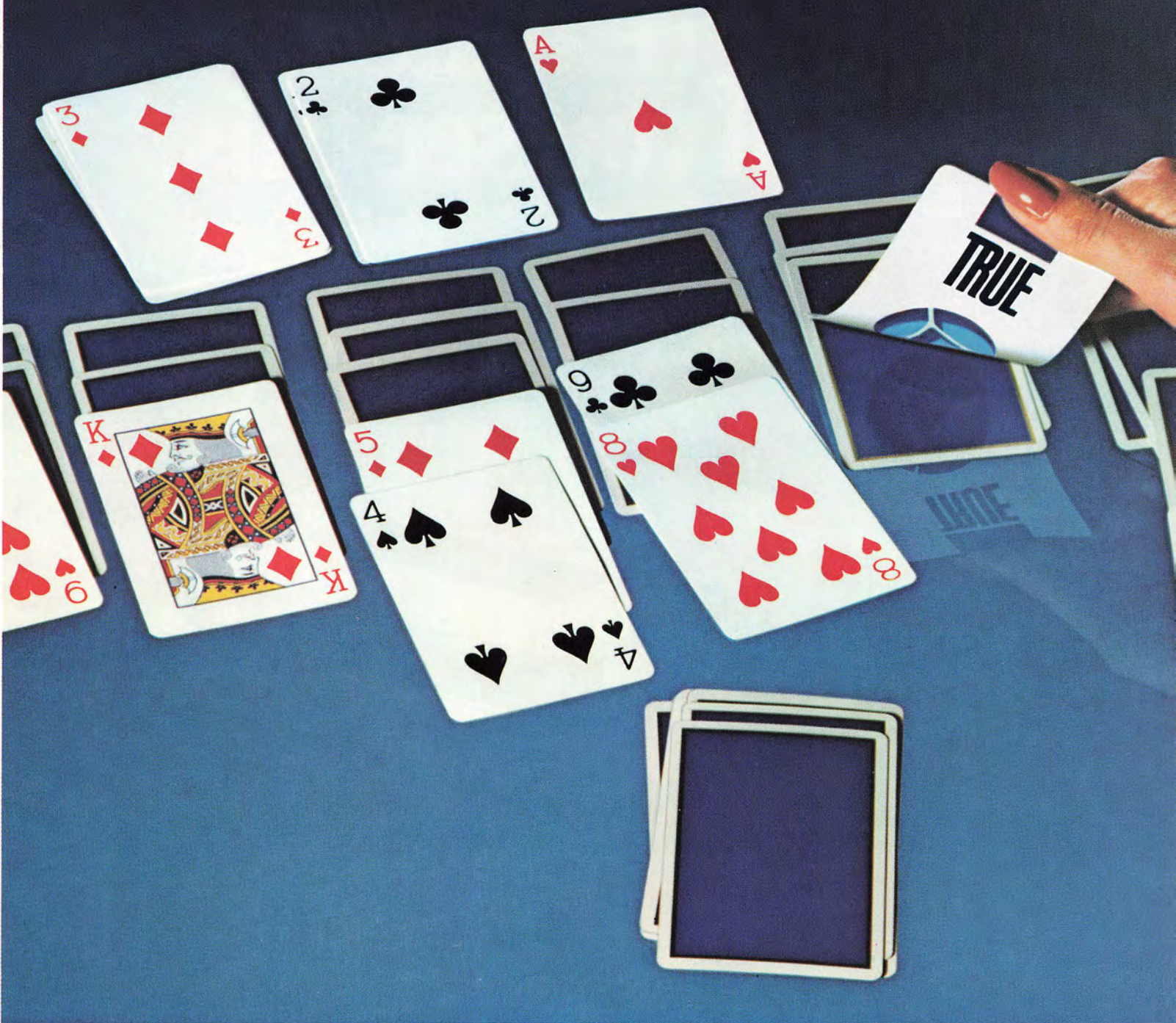
Superstitions: None, "except I never stepped on a baseline."

Greatest thrill in football: "Making the payroll on Mondays in the old days."

Favorite political office: County Register of Wills. "James J. Coyne [former U.S. senator from Pittsburgh] insisted I run once. So I made a big speech and said not only didn't I know what the office entailed, I didn't even know where it was located. I did say that if I won, I'd hire a guy to run it and he'd do a good job."

PHOTO

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Hall of Fame Re-Count

By Bob Oates, Sr.

ONE DAY, WHEN EUGENE (BIG DADDY) Lipscomb was playing defensive tackle for the Baltimore Colts (1956-1960), an opponent got loose with the football in the Baltimore secondary. The opponent was Del Shofner, an all-pro receiver, who had pulled away from most of the Colts and was heading for a 62-yard touchdown when Lipscomb, 6 feet 6 inches, 288 pounds, caught up and downed him at the Baltimore 2-yard line.

It was a Pro Football Hall of Fame-caliber play by Lipscomb, who made many Hall of Fame plays in his day. The inventor of what is now called pursuit, he was the finest defensive tackle of his type I have seen in the last 40 years and one of the two greatest defensive linemen the Los Angeles Rams have had (Lipscomb played for the Rams from 1953-55). The other was David (Deacon) Jones, who is in the Hall of Fame. Lipscomb is not.

To begin with, I'd like to make the point that the Pro Football Hall of Fame selection board, on the whole, does a much better job than any other selection board in any sport. Nonetheless, some of the members of the NFL panel plainly are wearing full-face blinders when they look at Lipscomb.

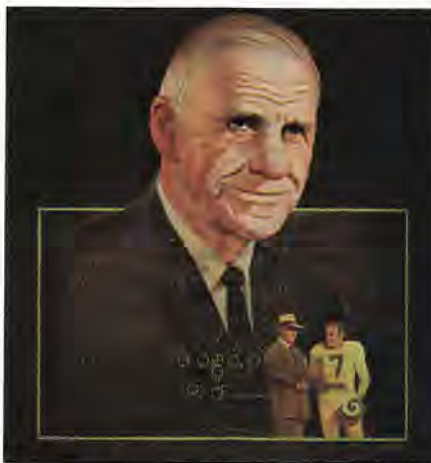
In 1963, Lipscomb, 31, died tragically of a drug overdose. To some critics, that makes him a bad defensive tackle.

ARE THERE ANY OTHERS OUT THERE who, like Gene Lipscomb, belong in the Pro Football Hall of Fame?

Yes. In order of the way they ought to be chosen by the Hall of Fame selectors, here's my top 10:

- 1) Clark Shaughnessy, former coach.
- 2) Pete Rozelle, NFL commissioner.
- 3) Gene Lipscomb, defensive tackle.
- 4) Sid Gillman, coach.
- 5) Les Richter, linebacker.
- 6) Leroy Kelly, running back.
- 7) Willie Wood, defensive back.
- 8) Tex Schramm, club executive.
- 9) John Henry Johnson, running back.
- 10) Joe Namath, quarterback.

Doubtless, we can all agree that most of the NFL people now in the Hall of Fame belong there. I'm not knocking



Clark Shaughnessy

any of them. I'm crying for 10 other guys who should be there.

MANY OF US THINK OF SHAUGHNESSY as the most deserving candidate in any sport who never made a Hall of Fame. In the years after coming to public attention with the Chicago Bears in the late 1930s, Shaughnessy created many of the principles of modern football—both offensive and defensive. He has had more to do with the way the game is played today than anyone.

Rozelle is thought of as sports' greatest commissioner, but he is much more than that. In terms of impact on America, this man is the dominant sports figure of his generation. The NFL would be an altogether different league—a lesser league—without Rozelle. Its spectacular growth didn't just happen. Step by step, Rozelle orchestrated it.

Lipscomb transformed his position. Before his time, even the good defensive tackles stood still on the line of scrimmage. By contrast, Lipscomb, all 288 pounds of him, pulled out of the line in pursuit of the ball carrier whenever the play was directed away from him, which was often. Opposing coaches, watching this, asked themselves: Why don't we put everybody on the off-side into the pursuit? Thus was born a new way to play defense. If they don't put you in a Hall of Fame for changing a major league game, what's a Hall of Fame for?

Gillman developed much of the tech-

niques, tactics, and strategy of pass offense. He's had more to do with the way the ball is thrown for passing yardage than any other individual.

Richter was the finest linebacker ever developed on the West Coast, which presents a problem for the Hall of Fame selectors. Easterners such as Sam Huff can make it, and deservedly. But if those two had been on the same team in either Los Angeles or New York, Huff would have backed up Richter.

Kelly, one of the four or five most effective running backs of my time, has had an image problem from the start, when he backed up Jim Brown at Cleveland. Subsequent critics overlooked Kelly while talking up Gale Sayers, O.J. Simpson, Earl Campbell, and others. Brown and Simpson are the all-time all-pros, but after those two I'd just as soon have Kelly as any other back.

Wood, one of the defensive leaders of Green Bay when the Packers were basically a defensive team in the Vince Lombardi title years, remains the best defensive back who can't get in the Hall, and better than some who did.


Schramm has accomplished more on two levels, club and league, than any other individual ever. He's the NFL's most influential club leader.

Johnson is the only running back who ever, had a 1,000-yard season past the age of 30. He did it twice, in fact—1,141 at 33, 1,048 at 35.

THE LIST INCLUDES BROADWAY JOE Namath, although no man alive is responsible for the fact that Namath is still sitting outside the Hall. The truth is, he only becomes eligible for enshrinement next year, following the mandatory five seasons in retirement.

I bring him up at this time because after this year, you can't have a meaningful Hall of Fame without him.

In the opinion of Sid Gillman and many others, Namath is the best passer football has ever had.

More than that, the Jets' victory in Super Bowl III, as both guaranteed and managed by their quarterback, moved pro football into the modern era. 

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THE DRAFT: ANALYTICAL, YES...MYSTERIOUS, NO

By John Madden, with Steve Cassidy



THE FIRST THING to know about the NFL draft is, it's scientific—but not that scientific. I remember a case in point. It happened in 1977. I was head coach at Oakland.

We were approaching our turn in the twelfth and final round, the point where you're looking at players who had quit college and gone to Canada, players who had quit and gone into construction, basketball players, players who were injured their senior years. I said, "Hell, USC has one of the best recruiting systems in the country. They have to have somebody lying around who's better than what we're looking at here."

So I went into the other room and called my friend John Robinson, the Trojans' head coach. I asked him, "You got anybody we can draft in the last round?" He asked, "Has Rod Martin been taken yet? He's better than anybody you've picked all day."

I replied, "He really worth taking?"

Robinson said, "He'll make your team."

I thanked him, hung up, returned to the draft room, and made it official. We made Martin, a USC linebacker, our final choice. We had to cut him after training camp that year, but John Robinson later was proven correct. We re-signed Martin during the season, and he eventually became a starter. In Super Bowl XV after the 1980 season, he intercepted three passes and made the cover of *Sports Illustrated* for his efforts.

The second thing to know about the NFL draft is, the scientific part is nothing like what you see on television. On television, you see that big banquet room in a New York hotel, NFL banners all around, every team allotted a long table and bank of telephones, every table manned by serious-looking guys wearing coats and ties who always are busy writing things on cards, shuffling their cards, leafing through binders, and talking on their telephones.

But those guys are only relays, the last



Atlanta personnel men Bill Jobko (seated) and Tom Braatz review draft data.

step in the process. They have no decision-making power. They aren't even full-time club employees, a lot of them, just guys with some team association who are sent to New York to do one specific job: answer the phone, write down the name, school, and position of the player to be selected, then hand the card to a runner, who in turn gives it to NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, or his executive assistant, Don Weiss, or some other league official to make the public announcement.

So nothing really decisive happens in New York. All the action takes place at the other end of the phone lines, in the "war rooms" of the various team headquarters, where the selection process actually began months before.

It starts with a network, a scouting system. Every team in the league but one (the Raiders) belongs to a scouting "combine." That's an organization of regional scouts who follow players from the time they enter college to the beginning of their senior seasons.

These combines, with names like BLESTO, and UNITED, actually are information-gathering sources. They compile statistics for every college player in the country—heights, weights, speeds in the 40-yard dash, agility, toughness, plus

scores on intelligence or psychological tests if those are required. In addition, every club has its own scouts and director of player personnel. In their turn, the team staffs take the combine lists and run down all the seniors, judging them according to the needs and personalities of their clubs.

That's critical. There's no point in drafting players who won't fit into your scheme, no matter what kind of individual talent is involved. Two classic examples come from the offensive lines of the Oakland Raiders and the Pittsburgh Steelers, when those two teams were the best in the AFC.

The Steelers played on artificial turf in Three Rivers Stadium. They had an influence and toss-and-trap running game, which called for finesse, timing and footwork on the part of their line blockers. Jon Kolb, Mike Webster, and Gerry Mullins were perfect for Pittsburgh's system.

Our guys, by contrast, were developed to work on grass, mostly the heavy sod at the Oakland Coliseum. We wanted pass blockers who could protect Kenny Stabler indefinitely and drive blockers for our tackle-to-tackle ground game. Our guys were great for us, but nobody ever would mistake Gene Upshaw, big Art Shell, or Bob (Boomer) Brown for finesse football players.

So the draft is complicated by a lot of judgment factors. And some time after the pro season ends in December, the team's personnel director and scouts gather up the combine books, their own reports, and a couple of shelves of film canisters. Then they meet with the coaches, who have been watching prospects first hand at all-star games. Together, they undertake the actual rating.

Each team has some kind of numerical rating system. For instance, a "one" may be someone such as Kenneth Sims of Texas, who went to New England in this year's draft. Sims is a "can't miss," a projected superstar. A "two" might be somebody projected at least as a starter, possibly a star. A "three" is a guy who probably will make the team and eventually become a starter. A "four" might be somebody who could make the team,

probably never as a starter, but as a backup and contributor on special teams. And a "five" would be a reject.

Given their numerical designations, the college players then are rated two ways. The first is a little easier, by position—arranged from the highest-rated player down through however many are available that year at that position. This scheme answers the question, "If you were drafting for a particular position, whom would you take first? Second? Third? Next to the last? Last?"

That's done for every position, and then comes the tough part: Forgetting position, whom would you pick in order of overall talent? I say this is the tough part, because once you get past the first half of the first round, the distinctions among players aren't all that clear. But several picks down, and several rounds down, who then? But that's what you have to know, from your first choice down to your two-hundredth.

That way, you always can make a decision. There always are times in the draft, for instance, when you'll want to go by position. That's not the same as "drafting for need" that you always hear about. It's the circumstance in which your highest-rated player can't really help you.

Say you're in the fifth or sixth round, and the most talented prospect available is a defensive back. But say you've already drafted two defensive backs. You'd be silly to take another if he can't possibly make your team. So you look at another position. Say you have a need at offensive tackle, and you see that the next offensive tackle is rated almost as highly as the defensive back. Obviously, you'd move past the defensive back and take the tackle.

That's the kind of thinking, decision-making, checking, and cross-checking that goes on constantly inside the war room on draft day.

As the draft proceeds and players are selected, names come off the board, and options are studied and restudied. Every selection changes the board, so the head coach and the scouts constantly have to be alert. And one thing they have to be alert for is the kind of trade that could mix things up even more.

An example from this year's draft: The Philadelphia Eagles wanted offensive speed in the first round. Given their drafting position—twentieth—probably the best man to consider was Perry Tuttle, the wide receiver from Clemson.



Draft central in action: Delegates do the bidding, prime movers stay home.

At least, coach Dick Vermeil and the Eagles' scouting staff thought so, because Tuttle was who they wanted.

So it was nervous time as the draft began. Tuttle was rated no lower than third at his position, behind Anthony Hancock of Tennessee and Lindsay Scott of Georgia. Philadelphia had to wait through nineteen selections. The picks went on. Kenneth Sims was taken first by the Patriots, as expected. Johnie Cooks by Baltimore, also no surprise. . . another linebacker, Chip Banks of USC, by Cleveland. Then came the trade between Baltimore and Los Angeles for Bert Jones. Then came the two quarterbacks, Art Schlichter of Ohio State (by Baltimore) and Jim McMahon of Brigham Young (by Chicago). Then a surprise: defensive end Jeff Bryant of Clemson by Seattle. Some running backs. Some offensive linemen. Receivers Hancock (Kansas City) and Scott (New Orleans).

The Eagles began to relax after the eighteenth pick, Michigan running back Butch Woolfolk by the New York Giants. Tuttle still was up, and Denver, with the nineteenth pick, needed a running back. That was good for Philadelphia because several first-rate backs were left.

But it turned bad, because it also meant Denver could trade its drafting position, get something for it, and still be insured a quality back in the first round. . . which is exactly what happened. There was Philadelphia, waiting for Denver to select a running back, telling their guy in New York to write down Tuttle's name. Then, boom, Denver had traded places with Buffalo, which had been scheduled to pick twenty-first, in exchange for the Bills' fourth-round pick.

So what did the trade produce? Buffa-

lo, with Denver's choice, took Perry Tuttle. Denver, in Buffalo's place, selected the running back it wanted, Gerald Willhite of San Jose State. The Broncos easily could risk the trade because they figured neither Philadelphia nor Buffalo would take Willhite, so they'd get him whether they chose nineteenth, twentieth, or twenty-first. It amounted to a free fourth-round pick for Denver, which the Broncos used to take Brigham Young wide receiver Dan Plater.

It also meant that Philadelphia had to make a fast decision. The next wide receiver on the Eagles' position list was Mike Quick of North Carolina State, still a good prospect, a legitimate first-round talent. The problem was, he wasn't as highly rated on the overall list as players at other positions, such as USC guard Roy Foster or Michigan State tackle Bubba Paris.

Switching to one of those guys, however, would mean switching priorities—from offensive speed to offensive strength—which Vermeil didn't want to do. Vermeil stuck with Quick.

That's generally the way it works inside the drafting room through all twelve rounds. But there's something else: the acquisition of free agents.

Free agents really are extensions of the draft. But before I explain, let me clarify something. There are no "Rockys" out there, no thunderbolts that come unannounced from the sky. If there ever were a time when unknowns could walk off the street and make a team, that time is long gone. The country is just too well-covered by the combines, who don't miss a player.

So, a free agent isn't a thunderbolt, he's a guy everybody knows about who just didn't happen to be drafted. Each team's overall list may contain 200 names. Of them, maybe 160 will be taken in the draft. The team will send out bird dogs afterward to sign as many as they can of the remaining 40 to free agent contracts.

That's how Dallas got Michael Downs and Everson Walls last season.

Downs and Walls not only made the Cowboys' team, they made it as starters. Walls, at cornerback, ended up leading the league in interceptions and being named to the AFC-NFC Pro Bowl as a rookie. By contrast, the Cowboys' first-round pick last year, guard Howard Richards, was a backup.

As I said, the NFL draft is scientific—but not that scientific.

PRO!

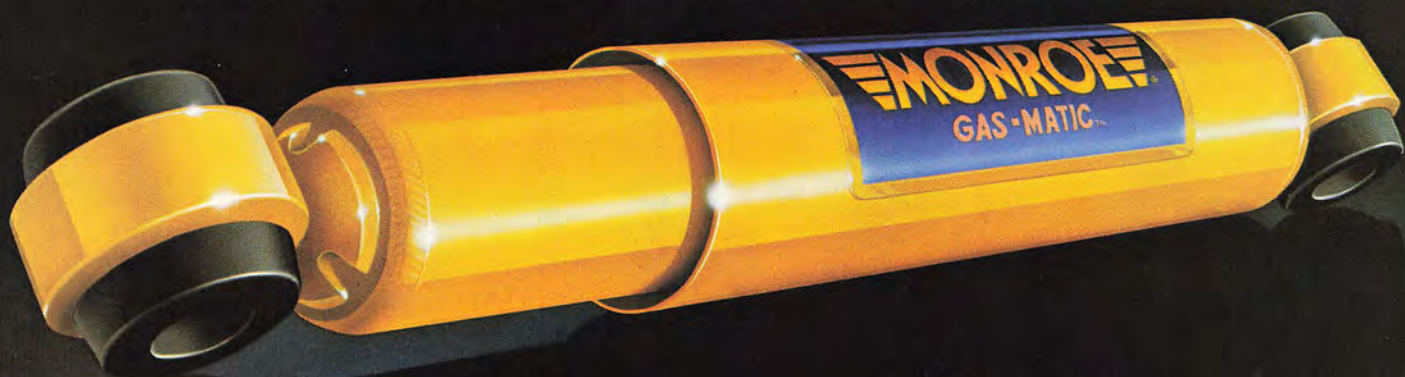


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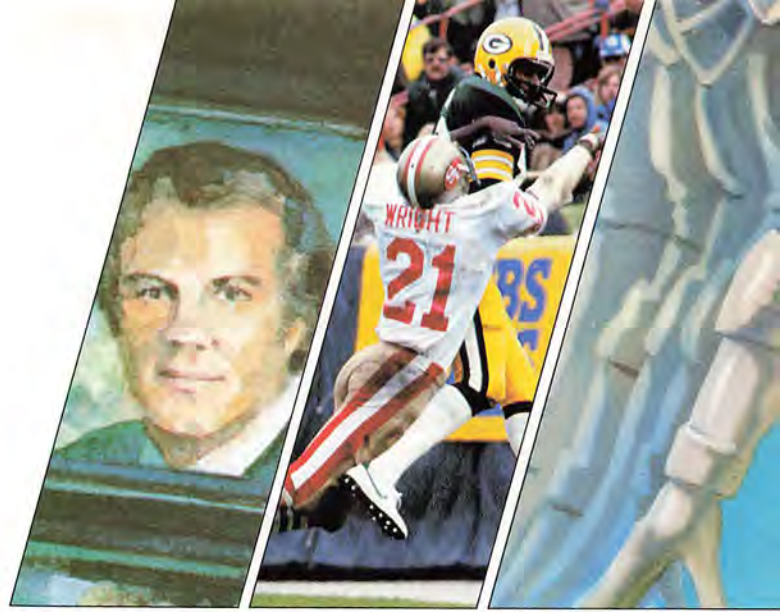
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1982 Countdown

Anyone can win.

Oh, yeah? Who said clichés and sportswriting had parted company?

The simple fact is—cliché or not—in the National Football League of the 1980s anyone really *can* win. In the pages that follow, two highly esteemed broadcasters (one of them a former NFL coach, another a former NFL player) offer up the Chicago Bears as a team to watch. The Bears finished with a 6-10 record in 1981; they were last in the NFC Central Division.

So? So consider that the two teams that played in Super Bowl XVI last January in Pontiac, Michigan, both had 6-10 records the year before.

The Cincinnati Bengals finished last in the AFC Central Division. The San Francisco 49ers, who defeated the Bengals 26-21 in the Super Bowl, escaped last place in 1980 only because the team with the poorest record in the NFL that year (New Orleans) was in the same division. In 1978 and 1979, the 49ers had matching 2-14 records; in the same years, the Bengals also had 4-12 marks.

The New England Patriots had a 2-14 record in 1981, bad enough to earn them the first pick in the NFL's draft of college seniors (the Patriots took Texas defensive tackle Kenneth Sims). New England lost 14 times, but 13 of those defeats were by 11 points or less.

Looking to the future, the Patriots picked seven players in the first three rounds of the draft (a total of 17 in 12 rounds). Who is to say that an infusion of young talent, a new coach, Ron Meyer, plus a little bit of luck, can't turn New England into a contender in the AFC East?

Chicago vs. New England in Super Bowl XVII in Pasadena, California, on January 30? Go ahead and laugh. *PRO!* is offering no such prediction, understand—but what would you have done a year ago if you had read San Francisco vs. Cincinnati here?

This special section—a Countdown to '82, if you will—is not intended to be a complete preview to the NFL's sixty-third season... a season, it should be noted, that has the black cloud of a threatened player strike hanging over it, a season that was preceded by a summer of NFL courtroom theatrics, and various drug charges and reports.

Rather, it is a sample of what might be ahead—and what almost certainly will be ahead. As for the rest—the whos and whats of the 1982 season—your guess is as good as ours.

The Video Game

Television's corps of former NFL players and coaches zeroes in on 1982

By Jack Craig

Two of them have been inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Two coached winning Super Bowl teams. One threw for more yards than any player in National Football League history, and the other was one of the top tight ends in pro football for a decade. All six have two things in common: They know football and they make their living describing it on television.

The six veteran broadcasters—Frank Gifford, Merlin Olsen, John Madden, Hank Stram, Fran Tarkenton, and Bob Trumpy—were interviewed separately for their views on what to look for in the 1982 season. The closest thing to a consensus was that top conditioning has become paramount for success because of the long NFL schedule that conceivably could last 24 games.

Several of the analysts pointed out the growing need for quarterbacks who can maneuver to offset the quick and confusing defenses designed to contend with the increased use of the forward pass. And there was a feeling that the success of the short-passing game last season by the Super Bowl champion San Francisco 49ers will lead to imitations by other NFL clubs.

Following are the observations of the commentators, made prior to the start of training camp:

Merlin Olsen of NBC, who played defensive tackle for

the Los Angeles Rams from 1962-1976 and was elected to the Pro Football Hall of Fame this year:

"Pro football now is putting aside traditional thinking. No longer can the defense expect a running play on first down and a pass on third down. Now defenses must be designed to make changes as quickly as possible.

"The Cowboys put linemen a yard off the ball in anticipating running plays. I think that may have to change in order to get pressure on the passer more often. More and more defenses must be disguised as much as the offense.

"Bill Walsh's philosophy with the Forty-Niners relies on the ability of the receivers as well as the passer to read defenses after the ball is snapped, and to adjust accordingly. There really was no team like the Forty-Niners in this approach last season. Pro football tends to be trendy, trying to adopt what has been successful, so I think there will be an effort to adopt the Forty-Niners' style of play.

"I don't think there are any lead-pipe cinches for the playoffs now like there were in the sixties and seventies. It's a dogfight now. For instance, I think the Falcons and Rams could be very strong in the Forty-Niners' division.

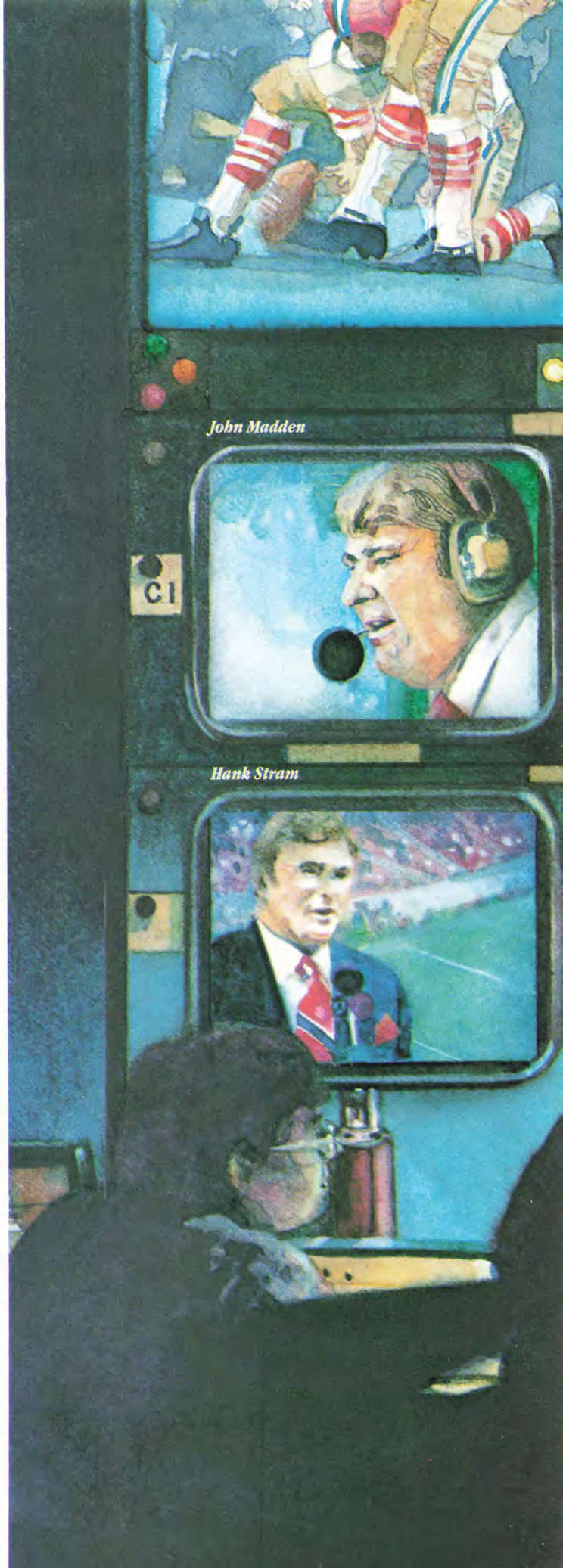
"The emotional side is where most teams look for an edge now. They look to retain momentum and concentration near the end of the season



John Madden



Hank Stram





Merlin Olsen

Frank Gifford



Bob Trumpy

Fran Tarkenton



The Video Game

when it is so draining on the players. The ability to do this separates the teams. I think, more than ever, everything leans on the coach; and in this regard even the attitude of the owner is important."

Hank Stram of CBS, who was head coach of the Dallas Texans/Kansas City Chiefs (1960-1974) and the New Orleans Saints (1976-77) and whose Chiefs won Super Bowl IV:

"It is common knowledge that anything good you see in football, or elsewhere, you try to incorporate into your own principles. So those teams that think they have personnel similar to the Forty-Niners are going to try to use the short-pass offense. But the worst thing you can do is to try to copy something else wholly.

"The 1960s were the decade of simplicity, the seventies of variety. And in the eighties, everyone will be using the I-formation more. The tight ends will be in motion, and everyone will want quarterbacks with escapability skills, rather than the drop-back passer, in order to elude defensive pressure.

"I think more and more teams will insist that players live in the area where the team plays in order to remain in shape. With only one minicamp, four preseason games, and then sixteen regular season games, it is more of an endurance test now. There are no great, great teams so the ones that stay healthy and maintain high intensity will survive and win. And I think the success of the Forty-Niners and Bengals last year is going to be an impetus, a great selling point to teams that they can do it, too."

Fran Tarkenton of ABC, quarterback for the Minnesota Vikings (1961-66, 1972-78) and New York Giants (1967-1971), who holds NFL career passing records for attempts (6,467), completions (3,686), yardage (47,003), and touch-

down passes (342):

"The Bert Jones trade was excellent for the Rams. I'm not sure he was happy in Baltimore, but now he has great motivation and a chance, I think, to be the player of the year. Very few quarterbacks don't go through tough times. Roger Staubach was an exception. The problem usually isn't the quarterback; it's the rest of his team, including the kicking game.

"Pro scouts talk about the strength of a quarterback's arm, but this is one of the great myths of pro football. Throughout my career, my backup had a stronger arm than I. Other than a 49-yard pass to Cris Collinsworth of Cincinnati, the longest completed pass in the last Super Bowl was 22 yards. What matters is whether the quarterback can move his team.

"The dropback quarterback is fading. He's going to have to be mobile and use different places to set up. There will be exceptions, such as Steve Bartkowski (of the Atlanta Falcons). I do think there is going to be a need for more sophistication than ever before by quarterbacks. They're going to have to read defenses quickly and think. They're going to have to grasp fully their own offense as well as the other team's defense. I'm not saying that there were not intelligent quarterbacks in the past. It's just that there will be more need for that quality."

Bob Trumpy of NBC, who played tight end for the Cincinnati Bengals from 1968-77 and ranks second among the club's all-time leaders in pass receptions (298):

"If I were to pick a surprise team this year, it would be Denver, even though their quarterback (Craig Morton) is one year older than the team's coach (Dan Reeves) and only one year younger than the owner (Edgar Kaiser). They always have a

strong defense, and I think that in Gerald Willhite [number-one draft pick from San Jose State] they have a big Otis Armstrong [Broncos second-leading all-time rusher].

"I also like New Orleans this season. I've always been an Archie Manning fan, and George Rogers could help carry the team on offense. And the Saints have a good defense.

"The 'D' of the future is the three-four and is going to be shaped like Atlanta's. Most teams play their middle linebackers three or four yards behind the line, and their first step is lateral. Atlanta plays them five yards back and their first step is forward. They're into the play so quickly.

"The Bengals' success the past season was totally attitudinal. They became convinced that their coach's system was the correct one. What a difference Forrest Gregg made. The Bengals used to be undisciplined, with no stomach, but he gave them a feeling of invincibility.

"What did Vince Lombardi say? 'The hard work all summer is for the fourth quarter in December?' The Bengals played twenty-three games last season, and there came a time late in the season when some of them couldn't feel their bodies, I'm sure."

John Madden of CBS, who was head coach of the Oakland Raiders from 1969-1978 and the winning coach in Super Bowl XI:

"The biggest trend I see is that now bad teams move right up and challenge in one year. Last season's Super Bowl teams each were 6-10 the previous season. I think delaying the draft until May has helped in this regard. By then everyone knows who can play. There's no longer any great advantage in a team's scouting system.

"With the long schedule now, luck plays more of a role than ever. The Forty-

Niners had no real injuries last season. When the Raiders won it all the previous year, they also had few injuries.

"Everyone copies success, and, because the Forty-Niners used the pass, really, in lieu of the run last season, I think you're going to see other teams try the same thing. But there is a danger people will miss the point here. Whatever the system, it is performed by people. If you have Joe Schultz at quarterback instead of Joe Montana, the system won't make any difference.


"I do think, though, we're going to see less and less of the two-back offense. The Giants moved the ball with just Rob Carpenter, and the Forty-Niners did it with Earl Cooper.

"I tell you who I like as a longshot—the Bears. I think Jim McMahon [Chicago's number-one draft pick] is one of those quarterbacks who can step in and play right away."

Frank Gifford of ABC, who played running back and wide receiver for the New York Giants (1952-1960, 1962-64) and was inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 1971:

"I think the 16-game schedule puts a premium on having a lot of running backs. It's nearly physically impossible now for one running back to go the distance.

"But the very character of the game has been changed through the rules to help passing, such as allowing only one bump of the receiver and allowing the offensive linemen to practically hold on pass protection. Yet defense is so important, and one guy can make such a difference. Look what Lawrence Taylor did for the Giants. It reminded me of when Dick Butkus came into the NFL with the Bears.

"The players now are unbelievably good compared to when I played. They have such skill and training and are in such good condition." 

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Schedule *Week by week...all times are local*

FIRST WEEK

Sunday, September 12 (NBC-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|--|-------|
| Atlanta at New York Giants | 1:00 |
| Chicago at Detroit | 1:00 |
| Cleveland at Seattle | 1:00 |
| Houston at Cincinnati | 1:00 |
| Kansas City at Buffalo | 1:00 |
| Los Angeles vs. Green Bay at Milwaukee | 12:00 |
| Miami at New York Jets | 4:00 |
| New England at Baltimore | 2:00 |
| Raiders at San Francisco | 1:00 |
| St. Louis at New Orleans | 12:00 |
| San Diego at Denver | 2:00 |
| Tampa Bay at Minnesota | 12:00 |
| Washington at Philadelphia | 1:00 |

Monday, September 13

| | |
|----------------------|------------|
| Pittsburgh at Dallas | (ABC) 8:00 |
|----------------------|------------|

SECOND WEEK

Thursday, September 16

| | |
|----------------------|------------|
| Minnesota at Buffalo | (ABC) 8:30 |
|----------------------|------------|

Sunday, September 19 (CBS-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Baltimore at Miami | 4:00 |
| Cincinnati at Pittsburgh | 1:00 |
| Dallas at St. Louis | 12:00 |
| Detroit at Los Angeles | 1:00 |
| New Orleans at Chicago | 12:00 |
| New York Jets at New England | 1:00 |
| Philadelphia at Cleveland | 1:00 |
| Raiders at Atlanta | 1:00 |
| San Diego at Kansas City | 12:00 |
| San Francisco at Denver | 2:00 |
| Seattle at Houston | 3:00 |
| Washington at Tampa Bay | 4:00 |

Monday, September 20

| | |
|------------------------------|------------|
| Green Bay at New York Giants | (ABC) 9:00 |
|------------------------------|------------|

THIRD WEEK

Thursday, September 23

| | |
|------------------------|------------|
| Atlanta at Kansas City | (ABC) 7:30 |
|------------------------|------------|

Sunday, September 26 (NBC-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| Buffalo at Houston | 12:00 |
| Chicago at San Francisco | 1:00 |
| Dallas at Minnesota | 12:00 |
| Denver at New Orleans | 12:00 |
| Los Angeles at Philadelphia | 1:00 |
| Miami at Green Bay | 12:00 |
| New York Giants at Pittsburgh | 1:00 |
| New York Jets at Baltimore | 4:00 |
| Raiders at San Diego | 1:00 |
| St. Louis at Washington | 1:00 |
| Seattle at New England | 1:00 |
| Tampa Bay at Detroit | 1:00 |

Monday, September 27

| | |
|-------------------------|------------|
| Cincinnati at Cleveland | (ABC) 9:00 |
|-------------------------|------------|

FOURTH WEEK

Sunday, October 3 (CBS-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|---|-------|
| Baltimore at Detroit | 1:00 |
| Cleveland at Washington | 1:00 |
| Houston at New York Jets | 1:00 |
| Kansas City at Seattle | 1:00 |
| Los Angeles at St. Louis | 12:00 |
| Miami at Cincinnati | 1:00 |
| Minnesota at Chicago | 12:00 |
| New England at Buffalo | 1:00 |
| New Orleans at Raiders | 1:00 |
| New York Giants at Dallas | 3:00 |
| Philadelphia vs. Green Bay at Milwaukee | 12:00 |
| Pittsburgh at Denver | 2:00 |
| San Diego at Atlanta | 1:00 |

Monday, October 4

| | |
|----------------------------|------------|
| San Francisco at Tampa Bay | (ABC) 9:00 |
|----------------------------|------------|

FIFTH WEEK

Sunday, October 10 (NBC-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Atlanta at Los Angeles | 1:00 |
| Buffalo at Baltimore | 2:00 |
| Cincinnati at New England | 1:00 |
| Cleveland at Raiders | 1:00 |
| Denver at New York Jets | 4:00 |
| Detroit at Miami | 4:00 |
| Green Bay at Chicago | 12:00 |
| Houston at Kansas City | 12:00 |
| Minnesota at Tampa Bay | 1:00 |
| St. Louis at New York Giants | 1:00 |
| San Francisco at New Orleans | 12:00 |
| Seattle at San Diego | 1:00 |
| Washington at Dallas | 12:00 |

Monday, October 11

| | |
|----------------------------|------------|
| Philadelphia at Pittsburgh | (ABC) 9:00 |
|----------------------------|------------|

SIXTH WEEK

Sunday, October 17 (CBS-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| Atlanta at Detroit | 1:00 |
| Baltimore at Cleveland | 1:00 |
| Chicago at St. Louis | 12:00 |
| Cincinnati at New York Giants | 1:00 |
| Dallas at Philadelphia | 4:00 |
| Denver at Houston | 12:00 |
| Kansas City at San Diego | 1:00 |

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Los Angeles at San Francisco | 1:00 |
| New England at Miami | 1:00 |
| New Orleans at Minnesota | 12:00 |
| Pittsburgh at Washington | 1:00 |
| Raiders at Seattle | 1:00 |
| Tampa Bay at Green Bay | 12:00 |

Monday, October 18

| | |
|--------------------------|------------|
| Buffalo at New York Jets | (ABC) 9:00 |
|--------------------------|------------|

SEVENTH WEEK

Sunday, October 24 (NBC-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Cleveland at Pittsburgh | 1:00 |
| Dallas at Cincinnati | 9:00 |
| Detroit at Buffalo | 1:00 |
| Green Bay at Minnesota | 12:00 |
| Miami at Baltimore | 2:00 |
| New Orleans at Los Angeles | 1:00 |
| New York Jets at Kansas City | 12:00 |
| Raiders at Denver | 2:00 |
| St. Louis at New England | 1:00 |
| San Diego at Seattle | 1:00 |
| San Francisco at Atlanta | 1:00 |
| Tampa Bay at Chicago | 12:00 |
| Washington at Houston | 12:00 |

Monday, October 25

| | |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| New York Giants at Philadelphia | (ABC) 9:00 |
|---------------------------------|------------|

EIGHTH WEEK

Sunday, October 31 (CBS-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Atlanta at New Orleans | 12:00 |
| Buffalo at Denver | 2:00 |
| Chicago at Green Bay | 12:00 |
| Dallas at New York Giants | 4:00 |
| Houston at Cleveland | 1:00 |
| Los Angeles at San Diego | 1:00 |
| Miami at Raiders | 1:00 |
| New England at New York Jets | 1:00 |
| Philadelphia at St. Louis | 12:00 |
| Pittsburgh at Cincinnati | 1:00 |
| San Francisco at Washington | 1:00 |
| Seattle at Kansas City | 12:00 |
| Tampa Bay at Baltimore | 2:00 |

Monday, November 1

| | |
|----------------------|------------|
| Detroit at Minnesota | (ABC) 8:00 |
|----------------------|------------|

NINTH WEEK

Sunday, November 7 (NBC-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Atlanta at Chicago | 12:00 |
| Baltimore at New England | 1:00 |
| Denver at Seattle | 1:00 |
| Detroit at Philadelphia | 1:00 |
| Green Bay at Tampa Bay | 1:00 |
| Houston at Pittsburgh | 1:00 |
| Kansas City at Raiders | 1:00 |
| Los Angeles at New Orleans | 12:00 |
| Minnesota at San Francisco | 1:00 |
| New York Giants at Cleveland | 1:00 |
| New York Jets at Buffalo | 4:00 |
| St. Louis at Dallas | 12:00 |
| Washington at Cincinnati | 1:00 |

Monday, November 8

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| San Diego at Miami | (ABC) 9:00 |
|--------------------|------------|

TENTH WEEK

Sunday, November 14 (CBS-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| Buffalo at New England | 1:00 |
| Chicago at Tampa Bay | 1:00 |
| Cincinnati at Houston | 12:00 |
| Cleveland at Miami | 4:00 |
| Dallas at San Francisco | 1:00 |
| Denver at Kansas City | 12:00 |
| Green Bay at Detroit | 1:00 |
| Minnesota at Washington | 1:00 |
| New Orleans at San Diego | 1:00 |
| New York Giants at Los Angeles | 1:00 |
| New York Jets at Pittsburgh | 1:00 |
| Raiders at Baltimore | 2:00 |
| Seattle at St. Louis | 12:00 |

Monday, November 15

| | |
|-------------------------|------------|
| Philadelphia at Atlanta | (ABC) 9:00 |
|-------------------------|------------|

ELEVENTH WEEK

Sunday, November 21 (CBS-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-------|
| Baltimore at New York Jets | 1:00 |
| Cincinnati at Philadelphia | 1:00 |
| Detroit at Chicago | 12:00 |
| Kansas City at New Orleans | 12:00 |
| Los Angeles at Atlanta | 1:00 |
| Miami at Buffalo | 1:00 |
| Minnesota vs. Green Bay at Milwaukee | 12:00 |
| New England at Cleveland | 1:00 |
| Pittsburgh at Houston | 12:00 |
| San Francisco at St. Louis | 3:00 |
| Seattle at Denver | 2:00 |
| Tampa Bay at Dallas | 12:00 |
| Washington at New York Giants | 4:00 |

Monday, November 22

| | |
|----------------------|------------|
| San Diego at Raiders | (ABC) 6:00 |
|----------------------|------------|

TWELFTH WEEK

Thursday, November 25 (Thanksgiving Day)

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| Cleveland at Dallas | (NBC) 3:00 |
| New York Giants at Detroit | (CBS) 12:00 |

Sunday, November 28 (NBC-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Baltimore at Buffalo | 1:00 |
| Chicago at Minnesota | 12:00 |
| Denver at San Diego | 1:00 |
| Green Bay at New York Jets | 1:00 |
| Houston at New England | 1:00 |
| Kansas City at Los Angeles | 1:00 |
| New Orleans at San Francisco | 1:00 |
| Philadelphia at Washington | 1:00 |
| Pittsburgh at Seattle | 1:00 |
| Raiders at Cincinnati | 1:00 |
| St. Louis at Atlanta | 1:00 |

Monday, November 29

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| Miami at Tampa Bay | (ABC) 9:00 |
|--------------------|------------|

THIRTEENTH WEEK

Thursday, December 2

| | |
|------------------------------|------------|
| San Francisco at Los Angeles | (ABC) 6:00 |
|------------------------------|------------|

Sunday, December 5 (CBS-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------|
| Atlanta at Denver | 2:00 |
| Buffalo vs. Green Bay at Milwaukee | 12:00 |
| Cincinnati at Baltimore | 4:00 |
| Dallas at Washington | 4:00 |
| Houston at New York Giants | 1:00 |
| Kansas City at Pittsburgh | 1:00 |
| Minnesota at Miami | 1:00 |
| New England at Chicago | 12:00 |
| St. Louis at Philadelphia | 1:00 |
| San Diego at Cleveland | 1:00 |
| Seattle at Raiders | 1:00 |
| Tampa Bay at New Orleans | 12:00 |

Monday, December 6

| | |
|--------------------------|------------|
| New York Jets at Detroit | (ABC) 9:00 |
|--------------------------|------------|

FOURTEENTH WEEK

Saturday, December 11

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------------|
| Philadelphia at New York Giants | (CBS) 12:30 |
|---------------------------------|-------------|

| | |
|----------------------------|------------|
| San Diego at San Francisco | (NBC) 1:00 |
|----------------------------|------------|

Sunday, December 12 (NBC-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|----------------------------|-------|
| Baltimore at Minnesota | 12:00 |
| Chicago at Seattle | 1:00 |
| Cleveland at Cincinnati | 1:00 |
| Denver at Los Angeles | 1:00 |
| Houston at Green Bay | 12:00 |
| Miami at New England | 1:00 |
| New Orleans at Atlanta | 4:00 |
| Pittsburgh at Buffalo | 12:00 |
| Raiders at Kansas City | 3:00 |
| Tampa Bay at New York Jets | 1:00 |
| Washington at St. Louis | 12:00 |

Monday, December 13

| | |
|-------------------|------------|
| Dallas at Houston | (ABC) 8:00 |
|-------------------|------------|

FIFTEENTH WEEK

Saturday, December 18

| | |
|------------------------|------------|
| Los Angeles at Raiders | (CBS) 1:00 |
|------------------------|------------|

| | |
|------------------------|-------------|
| New York Jets at Miami | (NBC) 12:30 |
|------------------------|-------------|

Sunday, December 19 (NBC-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|-------------------------------|------------|
| Atlanta at San Francisco | (ABC) 6:00 |
| Buffalo at Tampa Bay | 1:00 |
| Green Bay at Baltimore | 2:00 |
| Houston at Philadelphia | 1:00 |
| Kansas City at Denver | 2:00 |
| Minnesota at Detroit | 1:00 |
| New England at Seattle | 1:00 |
| New Orleans at Dallas | 3:00 |
| New York Giants at Washington | 1:00 |
| Pittsburgh at Cleveland | 1:00 |
| St. Louis at Chicago | 12:00 |

Monday, December 20

| | |
|-------------------------|------------|
| Cincinnati at San Diego | (ABC) 6:00 |
|-------------------------|------------|

SIXTEENTH WEEK

Sunday, December 26 (CBS-TV doubleheader)

| | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Baltimore at San Diego | 1:00 |
| Chicago at Los Angeles | 1:00 |
| Cleveland at Houston | 12:00 |
| Denver at Raiders | 1:00 |
| Detroit at Tampa Bay | 1:00 |
| Green Bay at Atlanta | 1:00 |
| New England at Pittsburgh | 1:00 |
| New York Giants at St. Louis | 12:00 |
| New York Jets at Minnesota | 12:00 |
| Philadelphia at Dallas | 3:00 |
| San Francisco at Kansas City | 12:00 |
| Seattle at Cincinnati | 1:00 |
| Washington at New Orleans | 12:00 |

Monday, December 27

| | |
|------------------|------------|
| Buffalo at Miami | (ABC) 9:00 |
|------------------|------------|

POSTSEASON

| | |
|---------------------|--|
| Sunday, January 2 | AFC and NFC Wild Card Games (CBS and NBC) |
| Saturday, January 8 | AFC and NFC Divisional Playoffs (NBC and CBS) |
| Sunday, January 9 | AFC and NFC Divisional Playoffs (NBC and CBS) |
| Sunday, January 16 | AFC Championship Game (NBC) |
| Sunday, January 30 | NFC Championship Game (CBS) |
| Sunday, January 30 | Super Bowl XVII at Rose Bowl, Pasadena, California (NBC) |
| Sunday, February 6 | AFC-NFC Pro Bowl at Honolulu, Hawaii (ABC) |

CBS and NBC television doubleheader games to be announced.

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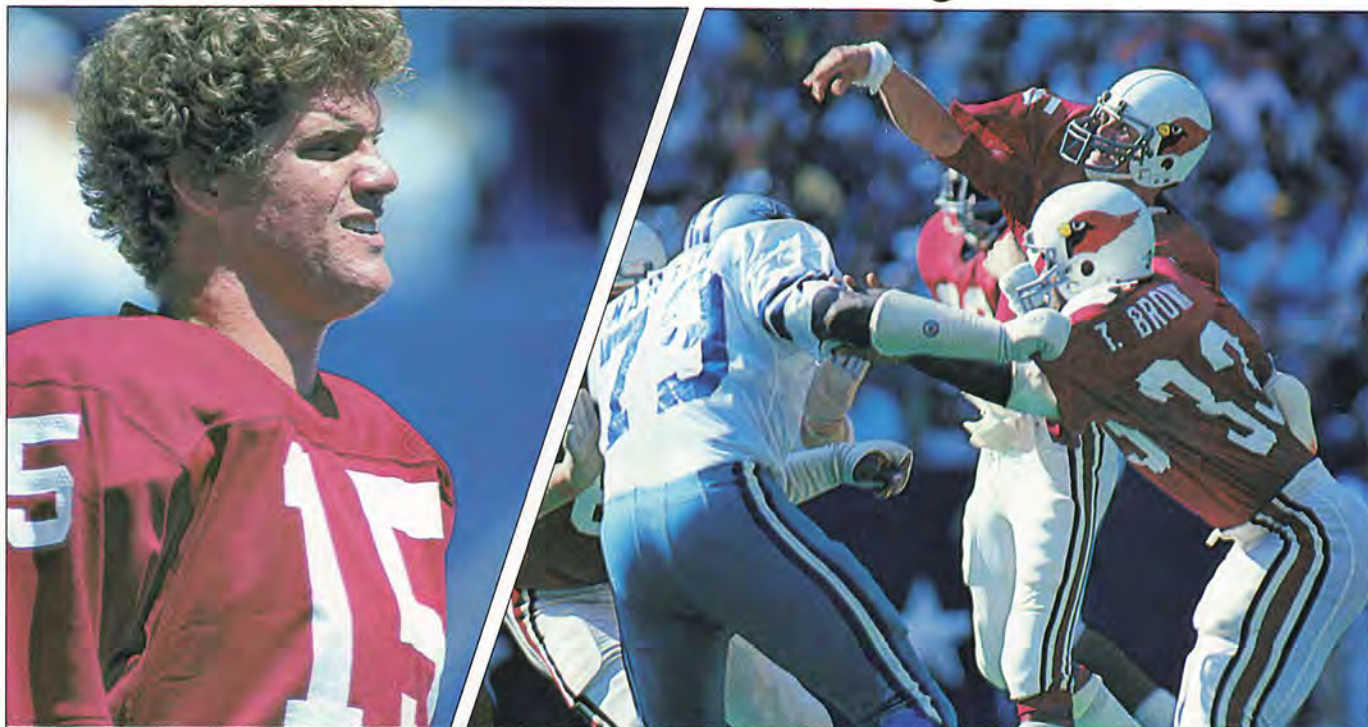
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The NFL Baby Boom



The top criterion for playing in the NFL has swung from experience to ability, and rookies now arrive ready to play well

By Kevin Lamb

Around the NFL, 1981 may be remembered as the year a bunch of kids came in from recess and tracked all over the hallowed notion that rookies are to be seasoned and not heard from. They made quite a commotion. By the time the league's structured pecking order finished clattering all over the floor, seven young teams had gone from losing records to playoff contention, and two of them had reached the Super Bowl. Five-year plans for building a winner were reduced to the first five rounds of the draft.

At least it looked that way in San Francisco. That's how long it took the NFL champions to collect three-fourths

of a starting secondary, plus a Nickel back. But first, a word of caution to anyone planning to open the 49ers' formula for success without reading the directions. "Remember," Kansas City coach Marv Levy says, "they did some other things to strengthen themselves. Jack Reynolds and Fred Dean had at least as much to do with it as the rookies."

The surprise was that the rookies didn't get in the veterans' way. Rookies do make mistakes. That much still is true, so rookies without veterans aren't any more palatable than gravy without potatoes. Last season's successes didn't prove they can carry a team as much as they can patch one.

"I don't think you can get well on rookies," Levy says. "But if there's a void on a team, I think there's more of a tendency to put a rookie in than there was in the past."

The list of NFL teams with voids on them these days narrows the field down to 28. When the same teams were turning up in the playoffs year after year, they almost never started rookies because they were reaching the playoffs without them. In 1980 there was just one rookie starter in the Super Bowl. And in 1981 there were two.

Rookies had good seasons before parity reared its head, too, but they generally had them for second-division teams. They were starting for

second-division teams last year, just as in any normal year, but the difference was that many second-division teams in August were playoff teams in December. Now rookies weren't just playing well, they were having an impact on the standings. Five rookies started in last January's Super Bowl between San Francisco and Cincinnati—49ers defensive backs Ronnie Lott, Eric Wright, and Carlton Williams; Bengals strong safety Bobby Kemp, and Bengals wide receiver Cris Collinsworth.

"I don't think any rookies have come into the league in the last twenty-two years who had as much of an impact on so many teams as they did last year," says Gil Brandt, Dallas's

St. Louis quarterback Neil Lomax (above)—on the sidelines and in action—is one of several young players who blossomed in 1981.

vice president for personnel development. "A lot of times you'll have a situation like we [the Cowboys] had in 1977, when Tony Dorsett came in and took a pretty good team to the Super Bowl. But here was Ronnie Lott in San Francisco, probably as dominant a player as has been in the league in as long as I can remember, and he took an average team to the Super Bowl."

Brandt also mentions Lawrence Taylor, whose New York Giants went from 4-12 to 9-7 and the playoffs, and Hugh Green, whose Tampa Bay Buccaneers went from 5-10-1 to 9-7 and the playoffs. Cris Collinsworth may not have made as big a difference in Cincinnati's rise from 6-10 to 12-4, but Ken Anderson would have been hard-pressed to have been the AFC's most valuable player without someone catching his passes.

St. Louis won its first four games after rookie Neil Lomax became the starting quarterback. Washington recovered from an 0-5 start to finish 8-8 with just one offensive lineman who had previous experience. Brandt's own Cowboys went into the season with gaping holes in their secondary, but free agent rookie starters Everson Walls and Michael Downs helped them repeat their 1980 winning record.

The reasons for all these overnight success stories have been bubbling a few years, probably since the 1978 rules changes that have helped open up the NFL's offenses and close the ranks in its standings. Simply put, the league is getting better players, coaching them better, and putting them into a game better-suited for youth.

The greater role passing plays, the more important speed becomes. "Naturally, a great athlete with experience is going to be better than a great athlete without experience," San Francisco coach Bill Walsh says, but the priority has swung from experience to ability.

"The game is more toward basketball on turf, and these young athletes come in ready to play," says Atlanta general manager Tom Braatz, who gathered three young Falcons linebackers—rookies Buddy Curry and Al Richardson and second-year man Joel Williams—who started in 1980.

Even though he wasn't drafted, Walls said he went to Dallas's training camp reasonably confident because he knew how to cover man-to-man. "As simple as making interceptions comes to me, and with the trend of passing, I knew I could do what I do best," he says.

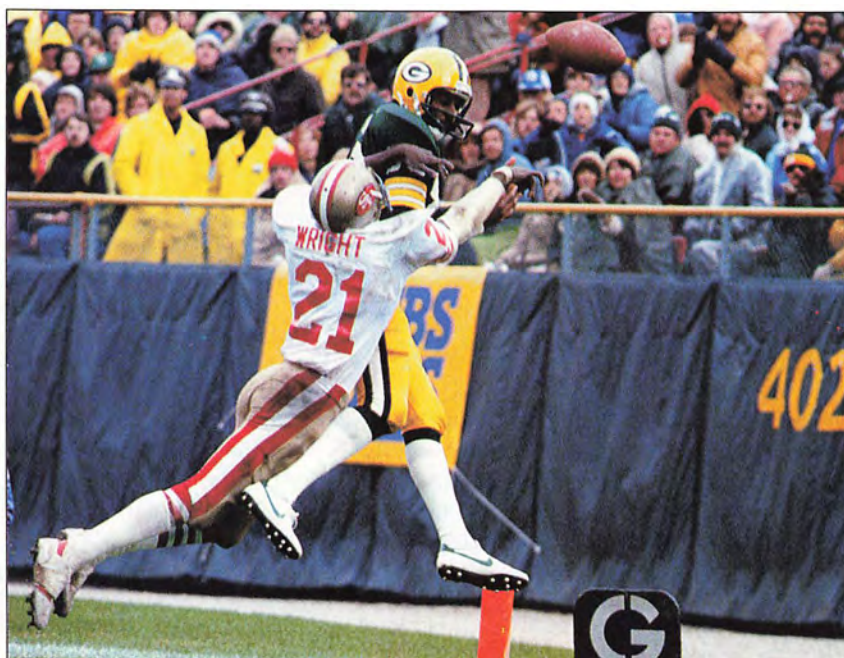
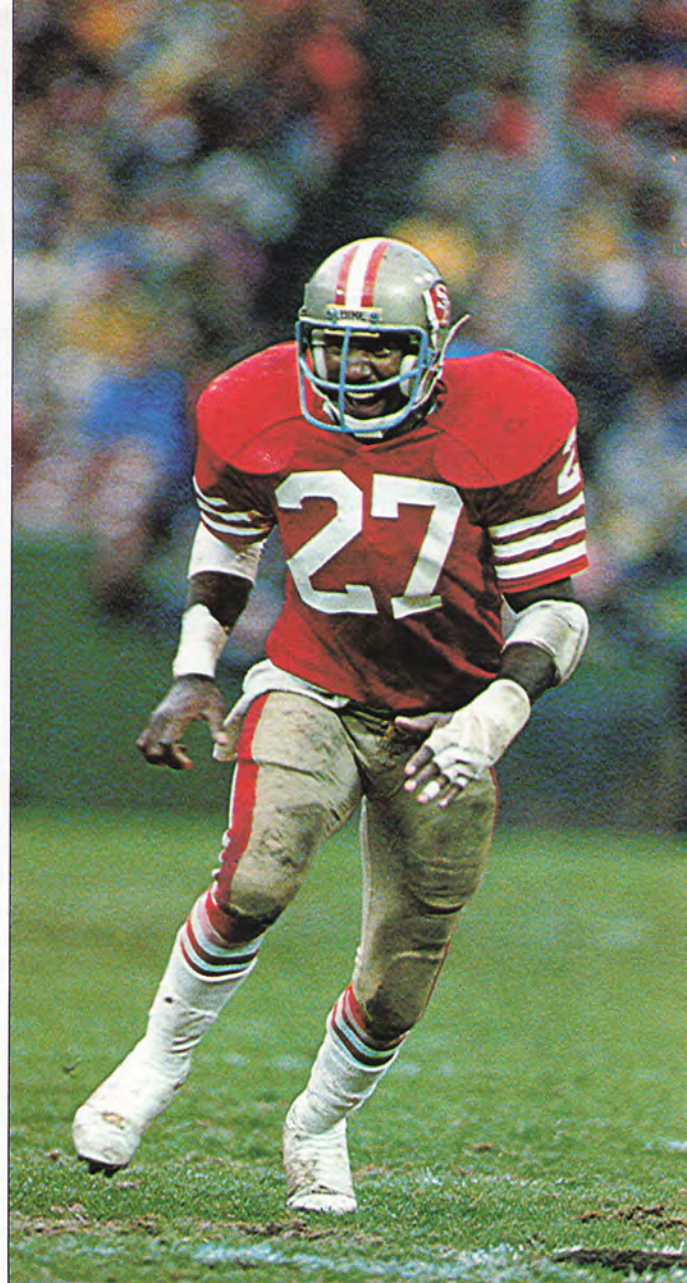
"You don't have to worry as much about how tough a guy is at defensive back or wide receiver," Braatz says. "They're not allowed to beat up on each other anymore."

"It used to be a career teaching these receivers to avoid the bump," says long-time coach Sid Gillman, now an Eagles assistant. "Now you don't have to."

So that adds wide receivers and defensive backs to the positions that can play right away. At the end of last season, 15 rookie defensive backs were starting for 11 different teams. Running backs have been in that category for years. With New Orleans's George Rogers and Kansas City's Joe Delaney running for more than 1,000 yards, the 1981 season was the fourth in a row in which at least two rookie runners were in four figures. Braatz says any first-rounders at those three positions are worth watching for instant splashes this season.

So are linebackers Johnnie Cooks at Baltimore and Chip Banks at Cleveland, Braatz says. That's something recent, too. One of the marvels about Atlanta's 1980 linebacking trio was that they played linebacker, generally considered a complicated position. There wasn't anything complicated about their play, though. Richardson excelled in pass coverage and Williams in blitzes, which are becoming more im-





New York Giants linebacker Lawrence Taylor (top left) has been cited as the main reason for his club's sharp turnaround. San Francisco won an NFL championship with three rookies in its defensive backfield: cornerbacks Ronnie Lott (bottom left) and Eric Wright (bottom right) and safety Carlton Williamson (top right).



Rookie linebacker Hugh Green of Tampa Bay, running back interception, got his share of attention.

portant as more footballs take flight. Curry, in his rookie season, was entrusted with calling defensive signals.

The more overlooked rule change that helped the passing game was the one that allows blockers to use their hands. It virtually has closed off the inside pass rush, so more and more teams are turning to linebackers to harass the quarterback. Taylor became a prototype in one year.

He is 6 feet 3 inches, 237 pounds, and fast. He was a stand-up end in college, accustomed to pass rushing. He loves it. He sometimes winks at quarterbacks when he's coming. They usually know anyway, the way his body starts vibrating in anticipation. "It's like a cop putting sirens on his car," Giants teammate Beasley Reece said.

Going into the 1982 NFL draft, then, everybody seemed to be talking about unearthing "the next Lawrence Taylor." They might have been talking about the next Hugh Green if Green had played in the country's largest city for a team that blitzed often, but the point was clear: Taylor

turned a specialty into a standard.

The passing game has opened up a lot of specialties: on defense, Nickel back, blitz, pass-coverage linebacker, pass-rush lineman; on offense, receiving back, flanking tight end, and third wide receiver. Along with them have come extra blocking tight ends, blocking backs, and short-yardage defensive linemen and linebackers.

What does that mean for rookies? Giants general manager George Young says, "You're not looking for as complete a player as you used to. When you were looking for a complete player, obviously it would take more time to develop him. Now if he's a one-dimensional player you can put him in just to rush the passer or whatever and use him while he's learning to play the rest of the game. You used to have to play special teams and work your way in. Now you can just play on first downs, or just on third and ten, either offensively or defensively."

Rookie return men have been contributing as specialists for years, but even they

went to new lengths in 1981. St. Louis's Stump Mitchell set a record for combined return yards, and rookies as a group accounted for five of the top 10 punt returners and six of the top 10 kickoff returners.

The biggest surprise has been the number of young quarterbacks playing regularly at a position where five-year apprenticeships previously were etched in the stone of coaches' faces. No rookie quarterback has started from game one since Tampa Bay's Doug Williams in 1978, but the Cardinals' Neil Lomax won the job as a rookie last November. Detroit's Eric Hipple and Oakland's Marc Wilson started most of the year in their second seasons, and San Francisco's Joe Montana won Super Bowl XVI in his third. David Woodley was Miami's regular quarterback as a rookie in 1980. The New York Giants' Phil Simms, Kansas City's Steve Fuller, and Detroit's Jeff Komlo started games as rookies in 1979. Their teams had the three lowest passing yard totals, but they stayed in the line up.

"I knew going in that a quarterback can take three or five

years to really get into the system," Lomax says. "I figured Jim Hart [17-year veteran] would be around three or four more years. I was just looking for an opportunity to learn a lot and get into games a bit. I never dreamed I'd wind up starting."

In his first four games, Lomax was as good as any veteran. He completed 64 percent of his passes, averaged 194 yards a game, threw for two touchdowns, and ran for two more. He completed barely 42 percent of his other passes last year, but to use a pet coaches' phrase, he made things happen. Coaches like that. They used to have nightmares about the things rookie quarterbacks made happen, but times have changed.

"It's making a guy who can move around more valuable," Levy says, "and that's more likely to be the younger guys." Lomax, Hipple, Woodley, Montana, and the Kansas City tandem of Fuller and Bill Kenney all can duck under a blitz's arm, scamper around for a while, and locate that far-away wide receiver whose cover man has got lost in the confusion.

Even so, the trend toward passing would seem to work against young quarterbacks because it has led to more intricate offenses and defenses. What has happened, says Young, is that "almost every quarterback in the league has his plays called for him."

"Because the complexity of the defenses is so great," Levy says, "I don't think the veterans can read them as well as they used to. There's been sort of a grading down there instead of a grading up."

An example is in Chicago, where Jim McMahon went to training camp in July with coaches and scouts calling him the most qualified rookie quarterback to start in recent memory. In college, McMahon had been exposed to more of the passing-game adjustment first-year head coach Mike Ditka is bringing to the Bears than incumbent starter Vince

Evans had seen in five previous years in Chicago. In 1981 Bears rookie wide receiver Ken Margerum allowed that the offense probably was more sophisticated than the one his high school team had used.

The main thing is that McMahon went to camp with a chance to start. Levy, too, reluctant as he is to over use rookies, said of the three linebackers he drafted early this year, "We are not bringing them in with the idea that these guys are going to need two years of seasoning. We are bringing them in as competing for a starter spot."

Rookies still are rarely handed jobs. But tenth-year Atlanta defensive end Jeff Yeates says, "When I came in, it was pretty much understood that it would be pretty hard for a rookie to get playing time, let alone a starting job." Nobody questioned it. Football is rich in structure, and players are accustomed to that.

Everson Walls came to Dallas from Grambling, where he says, "No matter how bad or good you were, if a senior had any kind of fundamental technique at all, he was going to start ahead of a better freshman. I came here expecting the same, steady, what you might call stubborn type of coaching, going with experience."

The chance to compete is so valuable because playing time may never be more valuable than it is to a rookie in his first weeks. Lomax, typically, went to St. Louis a little intimidated, wondering about what everything would be like. It washed away when he played early in the preseason and had more to think about than how good Too Tall Jones was. He was part of the team now, and he couldn't be so bad himself, with Mel Gray, Pat Tilley, and Dan Dierdorf on his side.

Playing quarterback, Lomax felt more pressure than most rookies. But once he was playing, keeping busy, he says that



Dallas rebuilt secondary with safety Michael Downs (above), cornerback Everson Walls (below).



pressure disappeared.

"I went out and played that game called football," Lomax says. "It was the same game it was in college. Of course, the players run faster and hit harder. But ours do, too."

Coaches don't force rookies to spend time on the bench now because they tell themselves the league is so balanced, one good youngster could put them over the top. In last year's standings, three games were the difference between winning one division and finishing fifth in it, fourth in another, and third in two more. But coaches don't think that way. "They're just going to play the best people," Braatz says.

For whatever reasons, they're giving rookies the chance to be those best peo-

ple. "One of the things leading to it," says Levy, "is you can't bring veterans into training camp until two weeks before the first [preseason] game. You have much more time to work with the rookies than used to be the case."

"Another thing. In Kansas City anyway, the coaches are involved in the scouting of players. Not so much to call the shots in the draft, but to see them. Then when you draft someone, you've seen him at his campus, you've talked with him, and when he comes to camp he's not just one of ninety guys doing a twenty-minute drill. You're more willing to work with him, help him improve."

It used to be that playing rookies was a sign of patience, a rebuilders luxury. Now, though, it's more a sign of urgency. "Going into the year, you're looking immediately for young players to help you," Walsh says. "Some time ago, it was, 'in a few years, he'll really be good.'" Walsh suspects that notion was trampled by the recent rookie 1,000-yard runners, particularly Dorsett, Earl Campbell, Ottis Anderson, Billy Sims, Rogers, and Delaney.

"Anybody's first-round pick, unless he's a quarterback, should play," Gillman says. "You used to say two or three years. Now he's got to play." If he doesn't and the

other guy's does, that's an edge for the other guy.

Brandt looks past San Francisco's secondary and Atlanta's linebackers for the time the bandwagon started rolling, and he points to Dallas's 1975 team that went to Super Bowl X with 12 rookies, two of them starters. It turned out to be an aberration, but, as Washington Redskins coach Joe Gibbs says, "When coaches see someone has immediate success, it makes a big impression."

That success often is an accident. It wasn't in Taylor's case, where Young says the coaches' primary concern was how fast they could get him into the lineup without causing veterans' resentment. The answer came in minutes, not weeks. Rogers not only was an obvious talent, he was part of a classic rebuilding program that featured five New Orleans rookies starting on defense and two others playing frequently. Saints coach Bum Phillips said he deviated from his normal practice of keeping the veteran when a rookie and veteran were equal.

"The great decisions in this league usually are made by divine providence," Young says. "Something happens, you have to make a move, it works out, and you say, 'Gee we were smart, using that guy a little early,' when you forget the reason you did it in the

first place was the guy ahead of him got hurt."

Walsh is the first to admit he had little choice but to put someone—anyone—in his secondary to fill the empty shoes that had allowed opponents to complete nearly two-thirds of their passes in 1980. In Washington, where the rookies' infusion might have been even more remarkable in light of their positions, Gibbs says age was about to

dismantle his offensive line if the newcomers hadn't. But it wasn't blind luck.

"It's a tribute to Joe Bugel," Gibbs says of his offensive coordinator, "that he did not have a preconceived idea. It didn't scare him, starting rookies. Most people, it would."

Besides having more time to work with rookies alone, teams have more coaches. They also have more inclination, according to Walsh.

"There's been more of an infusion of men with college backgrounds," Walsh says. "They're teachers. They've not only made a commitment to develop their players, there's also quite a financial commitment now."

One are the old-timers who threw a football onto the field and waited for youngsters to pick up the game on their own. The biggest favor the rules chang-

es may have done for rookies is to have made dinosaurs of closed-minded coaches. "You have to be too much of a gambler to have the kind of offense you need now," Braatz says.

"The things that used to be done for years, people are changing their minds about them, whether it's offense or defense or personnel," Gibbs says. "The NFL has become much more progressive."

It's hard to find anyone who won't say those players are bigger, faster, stronger, and smarter than ever by the time they reach the NFL. "I don't necessarily give colleges credit," says Walsh, who went to the 49ers from Stanford in 1979. "Often what it means is they've circumvented their entrance requirements to get them. But they're better athletes."

Gillman, impressed as he was with college coaching when he helped direct the Gold Bowl all-star game last winter, takes it a step further—or lower. "I've been in high schools with weight-lifting programs," he says, "and the kids are in there throwing iron around like you can't believe. They're getting ready not only for their season, but for their visions and plans for the future."

College coaches' biggest contribution to rookies' success may be their style of play. They're passing more now, and they're using the pass-route adjustments and combination defenses that quarterbacks, receivers, and defensive backs must master in the NFL.

The baby boom produced football players, too. Their whole generation has lived with a demographic bubble that made them more competitive and television sets that made them more worldly. In an era in which 3-year-olds recognize the President's face, it shouldn't be surprising that Walsh says 22-year-olds are "more aware of pro football, more attuned about what to expect."

More Than Just a Low-Numbers Game

Listed below are the 137 players who were either first- or second-year starters for NFL teams in 1981. Together, they represent nearly 20 percent of the league's starting players (figured on the basis of 11 offensive starters, 11 on defense, a punter, and a place-kicker).

The list includes players who were regulars last season, but not those who filled in for a few games in place of an injured starter.

| | Pos. | Year | 1981 Starts |
|-------------------------------|------|------|-------------|
| ATLANTA FALCONS (7) | | | |
| Bobby Butler | CB | 1 | (16) |
| Buddy Curry | LB | 2 | (16) |
| Kenny Johnson | CB | 2 | (16) |
| Jim Laughlin | LB | 2 | (7) |
| Mick Luckhurst | K | 1 | (16) |
| Junior Miller | TE | 2 | (16) |
| Al Richardson | LB | 2 | (16) |
| BALTIMORE COLTS (8) | | | |
| Ray Butler | WR | 2 | (16) |
| Curtis Dickey | RB | 2 | (15) |
| Ray Donaldson | C | 2 | (16) |
| Mike Garrett | P | 1 | (16) |
| Bubba Green | DT | 1 | (10) |
| Derrick Hatchett | CB | 2 | (13) |
| Randy McMillan | RB | 1 | (16) |
| Donnell Thompson | DE | 1 | (12) |
| BUFFALO BILLS (3) | | | |
| Greg Cator | P | 2 | (16) |
| Joe Cribbs | RB | 2 | (15) |
| Mark Brammer | TE | 2 | (16) |
| CHICAGO BEARS (7) | | | |
| Reuben Henderson | CB | 1 | (16) |
| Ken Margerum | WR | 1 | (7) |
| John Roveto | K | 1 | (11) |
| Mike Singletary | LB | 1 | (last 9) |
| Matt Suhey | RB | 2 | (14) |
| Keith Van Horne | T | 1 | (last 12) |
| Otis Wilson | LB | 2 | (12) |
| CINCINNATI BENGALS (4) | | | |
| Cris Collinsworth | WR | 1 | (16) |
| Bryan Hicks | S | 2 | (12) |
| Bobby Kemp | S | 1 | (last 10) |
| Anthony Munoz | T | 2 | (16) |
| CLEVELAND BROWNS (4) | | | |
| Steve Cox | P | 1 | (16) |
| Hanford Dixon | CB | 1 | (14) |
| Marshall Harris | DE | 2 | (12) |
| Charles White | RB | 2 | (9) |
| DALLAS COWBOYS (3) | | | |
| Michael Downs | S | 1 | (15) |
| Kurt Peterson | G | 2 | (14) |
| Everson Walls | CB | 1 | (12) |

| | Pos. | Year | 1981 Starts |
|---------------------------------|------|------|-------------|
| DENVER BRONCOS (2) | | | |
| Rulon Jones | DE | 2 | (16) |
| Rick Parros | RB | 1 | (16) |
| DETROIT LIONS (4) | | | |
| Eric Hipple | QB | 2 | (last 10) |
| Ed Murray | K | 2 | (16) |
| Billy Sims | RB | 2 | (14) |
| Wayne Smith | CB | 2 | (16) |
| GREEN BAY PACKERS (6) | | | |
| George Cumby | LB | 2 | (16) |
| Gerry Ellis | RB | 2 | 15 |
| Harlan Huckleby | RB | 2 | (last 12) |
| Mark Lee | CB | 2 | (16) |
| Mark Murphy | S | 1 | (last 7) |
| Ray Stachowicz | P | 1 | (16) |
| HOUSTON OILERS (0) | | | |
| KANSAS CITY CHIEFS (6) | | | |
| Brad Budde | G | 2 | (16) |
| Lloyd Burruss | S | 1 | (14) |
| Joe Delaney | RB | 1 | (last 10) |
| James Hadnot | RB | 2 | (16) |
| Eric Harris | CB | 2 | (16) |
| Nick Lowery | K | 2 | (16) |
| LOS ANGELES RAMS (5) | | | |
| Walt Arnold | TE | 2 | (last 9) |
| Mike Guman | RB | 2 | (last 4) |
| Leroy Irvin | CB | 2 | (7) |
| Johnnie Johnson | S | 2 | (16) |
| Irv Pankey | T | 2 | (12) |
| MIAMI DOLPHINS (5) | | | |
| Andra Franklin | RB | 1 | (11) |
| Don McNeal | CB | 2 | (12) |
| Tom Orosz | P | 1 | (16) |
| Dwight Stephenson | C | 2 | (last 5) |
| David Woodley | QB | 2 | (15) |
| MINNESOTA VIKINGS (3) | | | |
| Doug Martin | DE | 2 | (9) |
| Joe Senser | TE | 2 | (16) |
| Willie Teal | CB | 2 | (16) |
| NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS (4) | | | |
| Rich Camarillo | P | 1 | (last 9) |
| Tony Collins | RB | 1 | (11) |
| Bob Golic | LB | 2 | (9) |
| Brian Holloway | T | 1 | (last 5) |
| NEW ORLEANS SAINTS (8) | | | |
| Monte Bennett | NT | 1 | (6) |
| Jerry Boyarsky | NT | 1 | (7) |
| Stan Brock | T | 2 | (16) |
| Rickey Jackson | LB | 1 | (16) |
| Johnnie Poe | CB | 1 | (15) |
| Glenn Redd | LB | 1 | (16) |
| George Rogers | RB | 1 | (16) |
| Dave Waymer | CB | 2 | (13) |
| NEW YORK GIANTS (7) | | | |
| Billy Ard | G | 1 | (last 6) |
| Scott Brunner | QB | 2 | (last 6) |
| Mike Friede | WR | 2 | (15) |
| Mark Haynes | CB | 2 | (16) |
| Curtis McGriff | DE | 2 | (14) |
| Bill Neill | NT | 1 | (16) |
| Lawrence Taylor | LB | 1 | (16) |

| | Pos. | Year | 1981 Starts |
|---------------------------------|------|------|-------------|
| NEW YORK JETS (4) | | | |
| Jerry Holmes | CB | 2 | (13) |
| Freeman McNeil | RB | 1 | (6) |
| Lance Mehl | LB | 2 | (15) |
| Darrol Ray | S | 2 | (16) |
| OAKLAND RAIDERS (4) | | | |
| Curt Marsh | G | 1 | (11) |
| Matt Millen | LB | 2 | (16) |
| Johnny Robinson | DT | 1 | (16) |
| Marc Wilson | QB | 2 | (9) |
| PHILADELPHIA EAGLES (3) | | | |
| Steve Kenney | G | 2 | (11) |
| Hubert Oliver | RB | 1 | (10) |
| Roynell Young | CB | 2 | (13) |
| PITTSBURGH STEELERS (5) | | | |
| John Goodman | DE | 1 | (10) |
| Bob Kohrs | DE | 1 | (6) |
| Frank Pollard | RB | 2 | (10) |
| Dave Trout | K | 1 | (16) |
| Craig Wolfley | G | 2 | (16) |
| ST. LOUIS CARDINALS (8) | | | |
| Dave Ahrens | LB | 1 | (10) |
| Carl Birdsong | P | 1 | (16) |
| Rush Brown | DT | 2 | (13) |
| Curtis Greer | DE | 2 | (12) |
| Jeff Griffin | CB | 1 | (9) |
| E.J. Junior | LB | 1 | (13) |
| Greg Lafleur | TE | 1 | (11) |
| Neil Lomax | QB | 1 | (7) |
| SAN DIEGO CHARGERS (1) | | | |
| Eric Sievers | TE | 1 | (10) |
| SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS (7) | | | |
| Earl Cooper | RB | 2 | (11) |
| Ronnie Lott | CB | 1 | (16) |
| Jim Miller | P | 2 | (16) |
| Jim Stuckey | DE | 2 | (15) |
| Keena Turner | LB | 2 | (14) |
| Carlton Williamson | S | 1 | (16) |
| Eric Wright | CB | 1 | (16) |
| SEATTLE SEAHAWKS (4) | | | |
| Edwin Bailey | G | 1 | (15) |
| Kenny Easley | S | 1 | (14) |
| Ron Essink | T | 2 | (16) |
| Jacob Green | DE | 2 | (16) |
| TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS (6) | | | |
| Bill Capece | K | 1 | (13) |
| Hugh Green | LB | 1 | (16) |
| Andy Hawkins | LB | 2 | (12) |
| Kevin House | WR | 2 | (16) |
| Ray Snell | G-T | 2 | (12) |
| James Wilder | RB | 1 | (16) |
| WASHINGTON REDSKINS (9) | | | |
| Jeff Bostic | C | 2 | (16) |
| Russ Grimm | G | 1 | (13) |
| Joe Jacoby | G-T | 1 | (13) |
| Melvin Jones | G | 1 | (10) |
| Dexter Manley | DE | 1 | (9) |
| Mark May | T | 1 | (8) |
| Mat Mendenhall | DE | 1 | (11) |
| Art Monk | WR | 2 | (16) |
| Virgil Seay | WR | 1 | (7) |



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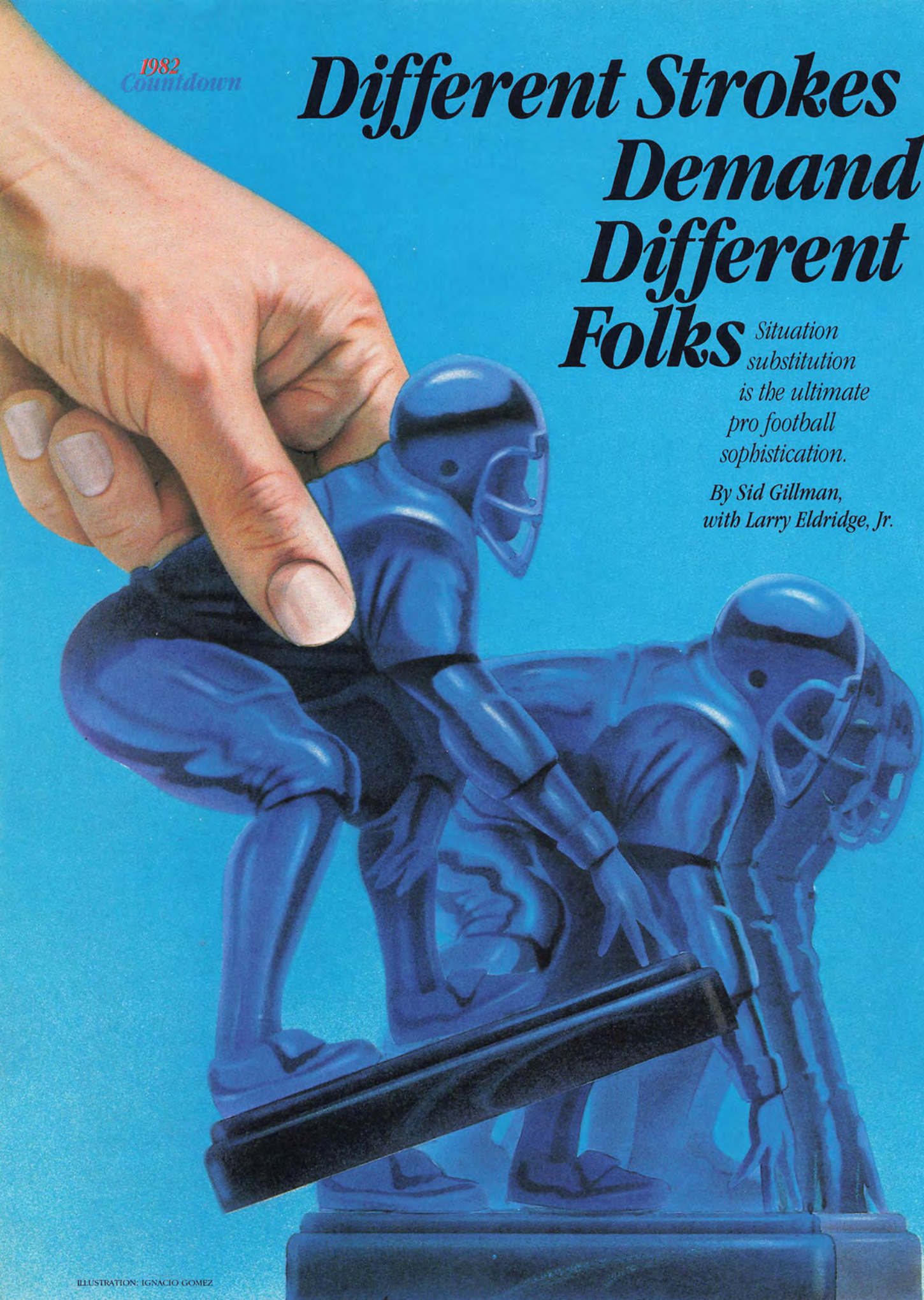
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1982
Countdown

Different Strokes Demand Different Folks

*Situation
substitution
is the ultimate
pro football
sophistication.*

*By Sid Gillman,
with Larry Eldridge, Jr.*



SITUATION SUBSTITUTION IS a simple, two-word phrase, but it's also a real mouthful. It is the tidal wave trend that has changed the face of professional football.

No doubt there are some old-time football purists who find it difficult to swallow the premise of situation substitution, which is, as the phrase implies, the shuffling of players (often specialists) into a game, based on the situation—down and distance to go for a first down (or a touch-down).

It's a cinch that Bronko Nagurski, Ernie Nevers, and Sammy Baugh wouldn't have stood for it. Who knows what would have happened if someone had tried to lift Bruiser Kinard or Bulldog Turner on obvious passing downs? For that matter, Chuck Bednarik, like the other players, a member of the Pro Football Hall of Fame, probably wouldn't care for it all that much, either.

They all were "iron men," players who toiled on both offense and defense for an entire game.

There simply is no stopping scientific thought—and progress—even in football. And although sometimes the substitution patterns of an NFL team may resemble a Chinese fire drill, or a routine borrowed from the Keystone Kops, be assured that there is method to the madness.

In the story that follows, Sid Gillman, 70, the offensive mastermind and former head coach of the Los Angeles Rams, San Diego Chargers, and Houston Oilers, who was coaxed from a one-year retirement last spring to rejoin Philadelphia head coach Dick Vermeil's staff as an offensive assistant, discusses recent trends in the game.

Someone discovered a long time ago that if you have a job to do, you can get it done more efficiently if you have specialists working on it.

I think football has borrowed a note from industry, in that respect, because today we have specialists operating in every aspect of the game.

Coaches recognize a situation and react to it by sending in players who, because of their skills and training, are experts in that particular situation.

There now is a universal realization among coaches that the player who is most effective in a particular down-and-distance situation might not be the player who is most effective in a different situation. So coaches constantly are substituting, seeking to control every situation. And when one coach acts, the other frequently counters.



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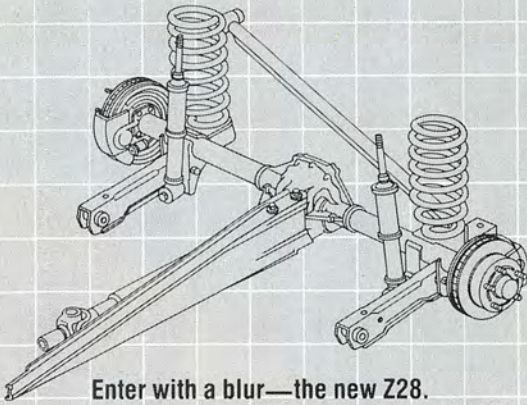
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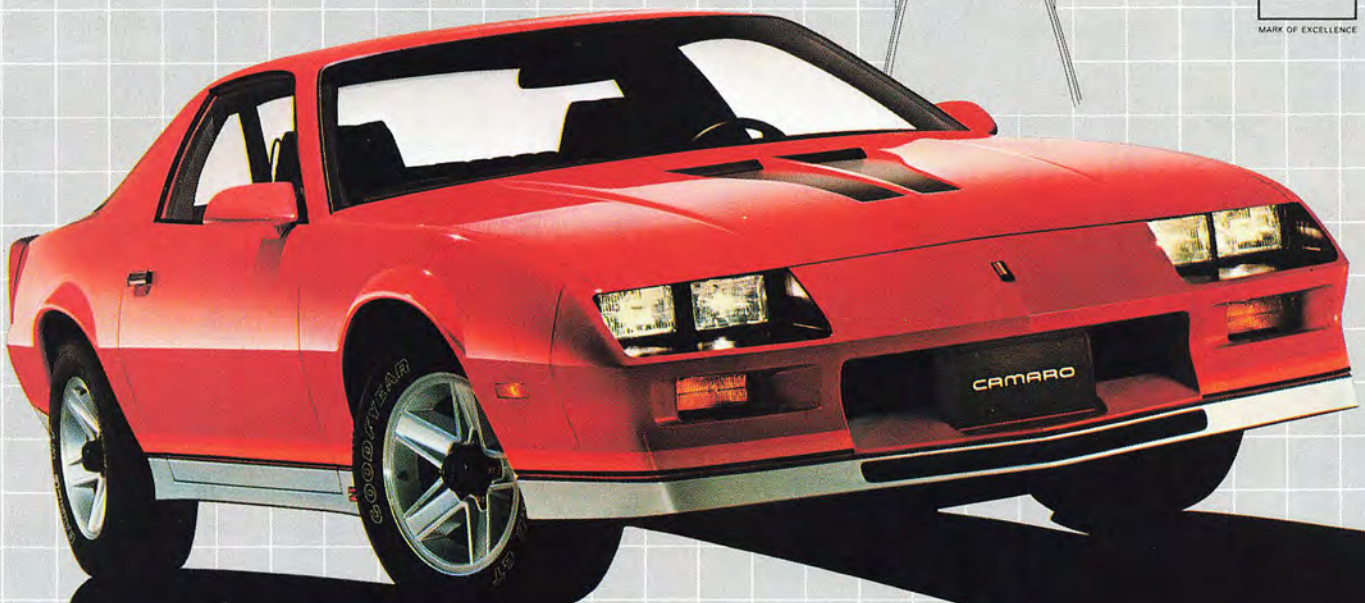
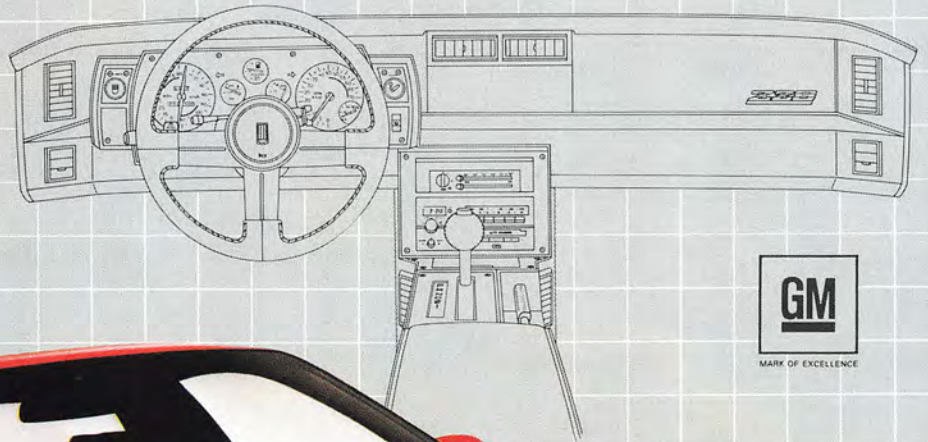
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Behind all of the maneuvers is a prevailing theme: You can get somebody to do one thing better than he can do two things. Or two things better than he can do three things. You find out what things a player can do—or can't do—and you use him in the situations in which he'll be most productive.

This kind of thinking probably began with personnel decisions on special teams, where a coach takes his best blockers and puts them on the return teams, and takes his fastest players—regardless of their positions—and puts them on the coverage teams, and puts his biggest, tallest players on the field goal team, to protect the kicker, to block kicks, and so forth.

But, until recently, there wasn't much juggling of personnel on offense and defense. The feeling was, you put your best people on the field and let them play.

Somewhere along the line, some genius began to take the "special teams" precepts and apply them to down-and-distance situations. Once the rules were relaxed to encourage more passing, the teams began to throw more. That thinking began to spread like wildfire.

On seemingly certain passing downs, defenses began to crowd the secondary more, replacing a linebacker with an extra defensive back. Quarterbacks started to throw into more and more Nickels (five-man secondaries) and Dimes (six-man). Three-four (three linemen, four linebackers) teams started to bring in pass-rush specialists on passing downs, including some old-timers who can't stand the pounding of the running game for 60 minutes but still have the finesse and skill to rush the passer, people such as Claude Humphrey of the Eagles.

What you began to see were teams of pass defense people. It didn't matter what position the players ordinarily played.

Naturally, if the defensive

coach is using the best people he has, the offensive coach has to follow suit and use the best people *he* has in order to match up. If you're going to put the ball in the air, and the whole world knows you're going to pass, it behooves you to have your best pass people in the game.

That's what situation substitution is all about: You take your best players for each individual situation and put them on the field where they can help you. I may have a great running back, who may be a helluva ball carrier, but if I need 15 yards and that back isn't a sure receiver, he has no role—unless I decide to run with the ball. So he comes out of the game. Pass catching ability was the reasoning behind the use of backs such as Calvin Hill and Preston Pearson, near the end of their careers.

It's all just progressive thinking. But it's not really a revolution, it's evolution.

We've got the greatest game going right now. I don't think football ever has been as much fun to watch, and it has taken all these years. You know, the game started with the Single Wing, three downs, and a cloud of dust.

Now, teams come off the bus throwing and don't quit throwing till they get back on again. The smart coaches and the good passing coaches are throwing the ball more...and completing more passes. A 300-yard passing game...hell, it happens every day now. Before the new rules were adopted, it rarely happened. But if you have a 300-yard quarterback, I'm naturally going to want to have one, too. Otherwise you're going to throw me right out of the ball park.

So you also wind up with all of the specialty defenses to stop the pass. Somewhere along the line some smart coach decided that he could enhance his pass defense by inserting an extra defensive back. George Allen was the

You take your best players for each individual situation and put them on the field where they can help you. I may have a great running back . . . but if I need 15 yards and that back isn't a sure receiver, he has no role—unless I decide to run. . . . So he comes out of the game.



first I heard of to use the Nickel. It's possible he started it.

But a lot of different coaches start things. It's the reaction around the league that determines how trends develop. That's the evolution part.

For instance, Red Hickey decided he was gonna use the Shotgun with the 49ers. The only mistake he made was that he tried to *run* the quarterback and he got 'em all killed. Later, Tom Landry decides to use the Spread (Shotgun) at Dallas, and not run the quarterback, and he had some success. So some other teams picked it up.

A lot of coaches are willing to grab onto something that somebody else is doing if they feel it is better than what they are doing. But they may modify it, try to improve it.

Coaches today are much more specialized than ever before. If a coaching staff is sharp, there is going to be more, and better, organization than in the past for one simple reason: There are more coaches, and each one usually is dealing with a specific area. Today there are coaches for tight ends, coaches for linebackers, coaches for special teams...you name it. Some teams have assistant coaches who only have administrative duties. There are

strength and conditioning coaches. A lot more attention is paid to detail; There is more sophistication than ever before.

Which doesn't mean it is any easier to coach now. When you are using more people, I think it makes it harder to coach than when you're just doing things with 11 guys. There are many more decisions to make.

Fans probably would find it interesting to study the coaches on the sidelines during the game, because they have these entouragees of players around them constantly as they pace up and down the sideline. Those players have to be ready to go into a game at a moment's notice. One word from the coach, such as "Nickel," or "rush," and those specialty players have to get out there fast. And when they come onto the field, they have to transmit the information to the people already out there so that it's clear who is coming in and who is out.

It can get pretty hectic, which is the reason you can wind up with 10 or 12 men on the field. All of this substitution is likely to result in even more confusion in the future. People may wonder, "Well, can't they count to eleven? Can't they count to twelve?"



It's all point-counterpoint. It's an elaborate chess game taking place on the sidelines between the two coaching staffs. And I think because of it, the game today is more interesting from the fans' standpoint. There are more variables to consider.

But it's easy to see how there can be mistakes.

Things get even more complicated when somebody gets injured in a game. You really can get fouled up if the guy who gets hurt, or the trainer, forgets to report to the coaches that the player is going to be unavailable for a play or a series. You can imagine the chaos on the sideline if the player who is injured is on five different specialty units. Sometimes that one man, who has a variety of skills, has to be replaced at different times by four or five different players. If he plays defense, he may be in the five-pack (five-man substitution) and the six-pack; he may be on the kickoff team; he may be on the punt return team; he may be a holder. You almost need a computer on the sidelines to keep it all straight!

Of course, computers are another reason the game has become so intricate. Every team has tendencies or habits of play calls, for every type of down, distance, and position on the field, and the defensive coaches...boy, they've got it all covered. They know what the offense likes to do. Offensively, the smart coaches think they have it covered just as well. So you end up with

about as scientific a game as possible.

We've always known the basic tendencies of opponents from scouting and film, but we're getting so much more information now. We used to compile everything manually. It all took so much time that we just concentrated on the basics. But now, you know what the percentage says a team is going to do in every situation, because the computer has digested all of the data you've fed it after breaking down the films and it spits out the tendencies down to the decimal point.

So if you have that knowledge in advance, you want to have a response. That response always is going to be to put the right people in the game who have the best chance of beating a particular defense, or of stopping a particular play.

Execution still is paramount. It helps to know what you're up against, but you have to be prepared with the correct response, and you have to have the players to pull the play off.

Believe me, it takes some doing.

Offensive preparation for the Nickel is extremely difficult. An entire passing game is not going to be based on go-

ing against the Nickel. It requires distinct passing formations to defeat it, a "Nickel package."

Many times, smart defensive coaches will shift their personnel at the last moment. Just as the offensive team is coming out of the huddle, one group of defensive players will run off and another will run on. If the offensive team has decided to run a play against a normal defense, and there's a last-minute switch to a Nickel, the offense is stuck—or it has to audible.

You can see specialization on a different level, a purely individual level, with a player such as Ted Hendricks of Oakland. Now he's designated dogman (a linebacker who stalks the ball). If you want a dogman on the right, he lines up on the right. If you want one on the left, he lines up on the left. He's almost a free-lance dog man. He may be in the game all the time, but he's lining up in different spots, causing havoc.

But not every team has a player with the unique free-lance skills of Ted Hendricks. It's crucial, therefore, to recognize and properly counter your opponent's tendencies.

Let's say you're a defensive coach, and it's first-and-10 at midfield. You still really don't know whether to play the pass or the run, but if you're playing San Diego, or a team that passes a lot on first down, you better be prepared for a pass and so maybe you answer with a Nickel, even on first down.

If it's third-and-long, you always have to think pass, so you send in your best pass rushers, say Fred Dean (if you're lucky enough to have a player such as the 49ers' great lineman) and you beef up your secondary. If it's third-and-short, or third-and-medium, you have to consider the run, and maybe you send in your top people against the run.

Now let's say you're an offensive coach, and you're down

near the goal line, with a first down at the 5. The defense probably is going to play the run, its going to stack the line, and it's going to make it hard for you to run. That's a perfect time to use play action. More teams are passing near the goal line now, and instead of bringing in an extra tight end simply for blocking purposes, those tight ends are being used more as receivers.

It's all point-counterpoint. It's an elaborate chess game taking place on the sidelines between the two coaching staffs. And I think because of it, the game today is more interesting from the fans' standpoint. There are more variables to consider. There is more second-guessing, more Monday-morning quarterbacking.

Some people have worried that the game might get too specialized, that the fans won't have as many "stars" to identify with as they have in the past. But I don't think that will happen.

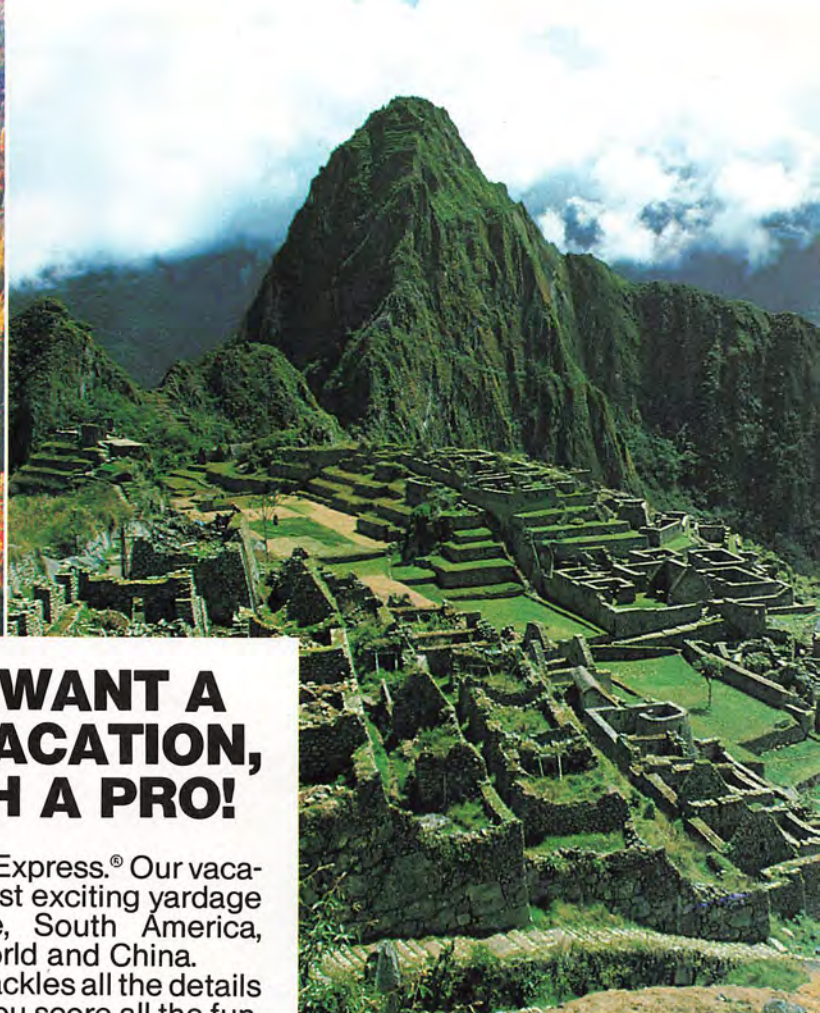
First, I don't think you can be "too specialized," because we've learned that you can do things better when you specialize than when you try to do too many things. Second, I think we've just about approached some kind of saturation point as to the amount of situation substitutions that will occur. Most importantly, the great athletes, the superstars, always will stand out.

It goes back to that old saying of "drafting the best athlete available." That's not going to change. A team may have a real need for a wide receiver, but it won't pass up a quality player such as Kenneth Sims (Patriots rookie defensive end) in the draft.

In the future, though, I think you'll see more players coming out of college with specialized skills, because the colleges are playing situational football now, too.

We'll continue to have great artists, and the game will get better. Because with specialization and situation substitution, the game is alive...on every play.

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AN EYE FOR THE GAME

Award Winners in the 1982 Pro Football Hall of Fame Photo Contest

A concert pianist might think of it as an "ear." With a jazz musician, on the other hand, it might be "chops." Ask a billiards or basketball player, and you might hear the word "touch." It's all the same—an indefinable quality that's there when it's there, and you *know* it's there, but the thing of it is, you don't know how you know that it's there.

For a photographer,

the quality is his or her "eye." Not necessarily the physical organ, in fact, not so much the physiology of the process as the intuitive, tacit agreement among mind, eye, and hand.

Knowing the game helps immensely, and what's revealed in the examples shown here is a near-poetic understanding of football action. Views of pro football are recorded by the thou-

sands every season, in fact, in such volume as to almost mock any attempt to judge the best examples.

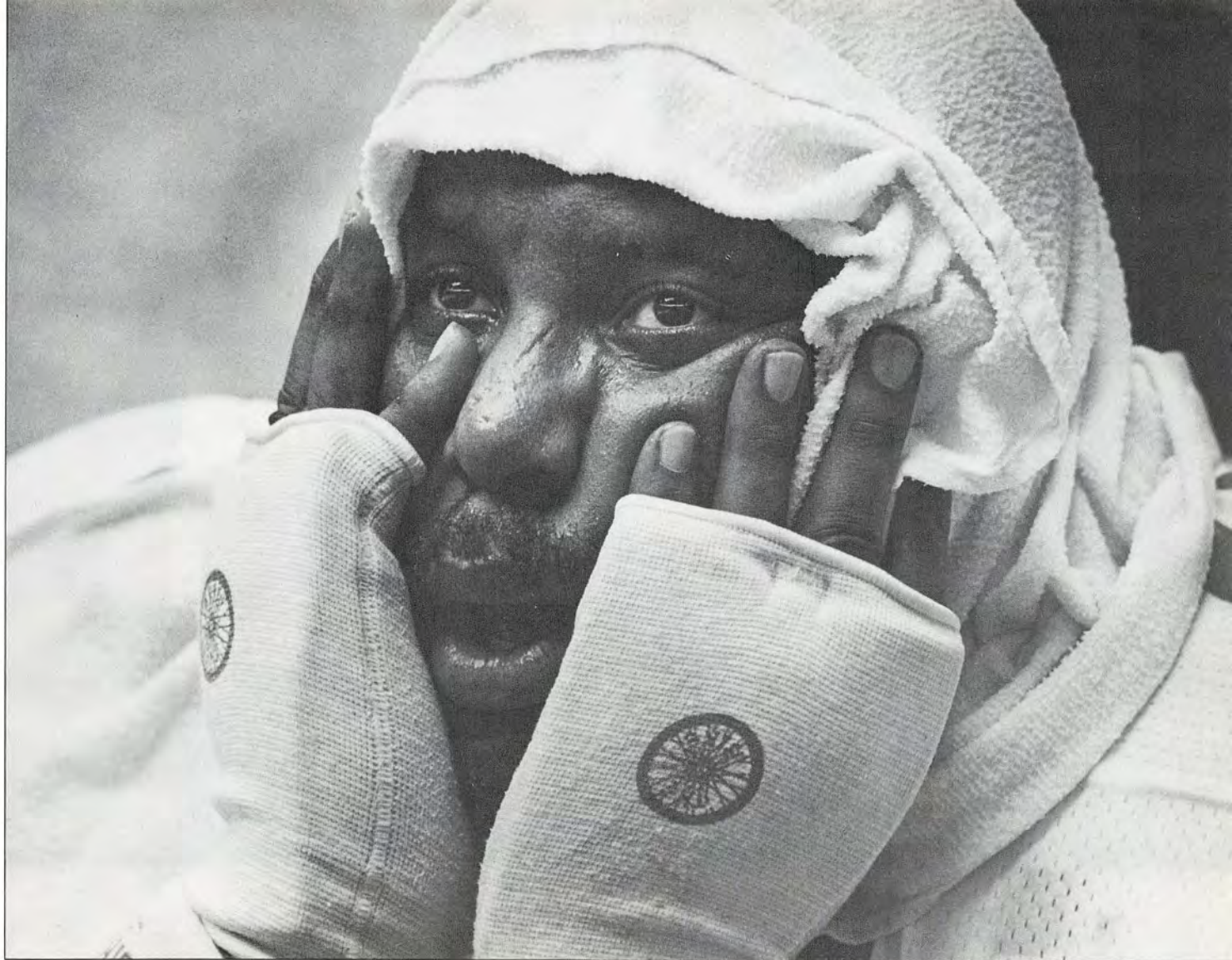
Working against those odds, the Pro Football Hall of Fame holds an annual contest to reward and recognize the photographers who have frozen the best views of the game during each season. Categories include color action, color feature, black-and-white ac-

tion, and black-and-white feature.

The phrase, "judges' decisions are final," has a stringent ring to it, and even more so in this competition. Who's to say this year's number-two color action is so discernible from this year's number three in terms of pure quality? The judges could tell you: Football photography, like beauty, is all in the eye of the beholder.

Above: This year's third-place photo in the color action category. Cincinnati's Cris Collinsworth fights off San Francisco's Eric Wright for a catch during Super Bowl XVI, by Mickey Pfleger, *Time* magazine.





Color action and overall winner (Opposite page) Buffalo defensive backs Steve Freeman (22) and Mario Clark (29) double-cover San Diego's Wes Chandler, by John McDonough, Encinitas, California.

Black-and-white feature winner (Above) Dallas defensive end Harvey Martin finds unique refuge during a game with the New York Giants, by David Woo, Dallas Morning News.

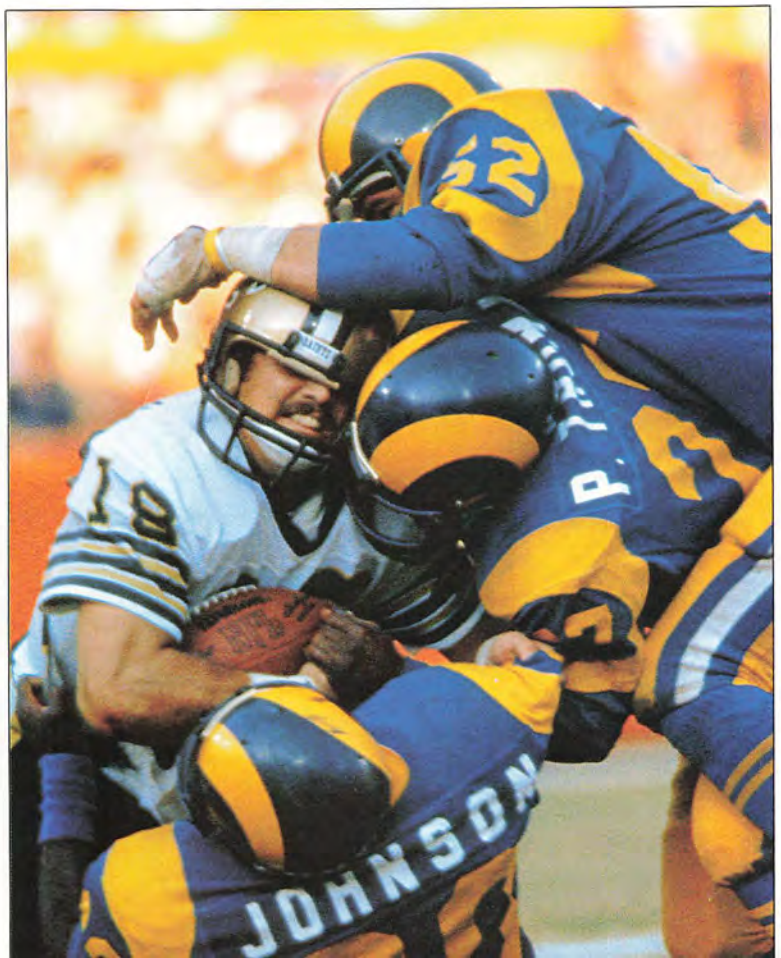
Honorable mention, color action (Right) Philadelphia wide receiver Harold Carmichael ignores a defender for a catch against St. Louis, by Jim Forbes, St. Louis Post-Dispatch.





Second place, color feature (Above) Dallas defensive tackle John Dutton registers his disbelief at a penalty called during Cowboys' game with Philadelphia, by John Rhodes, Dallas Morning News.

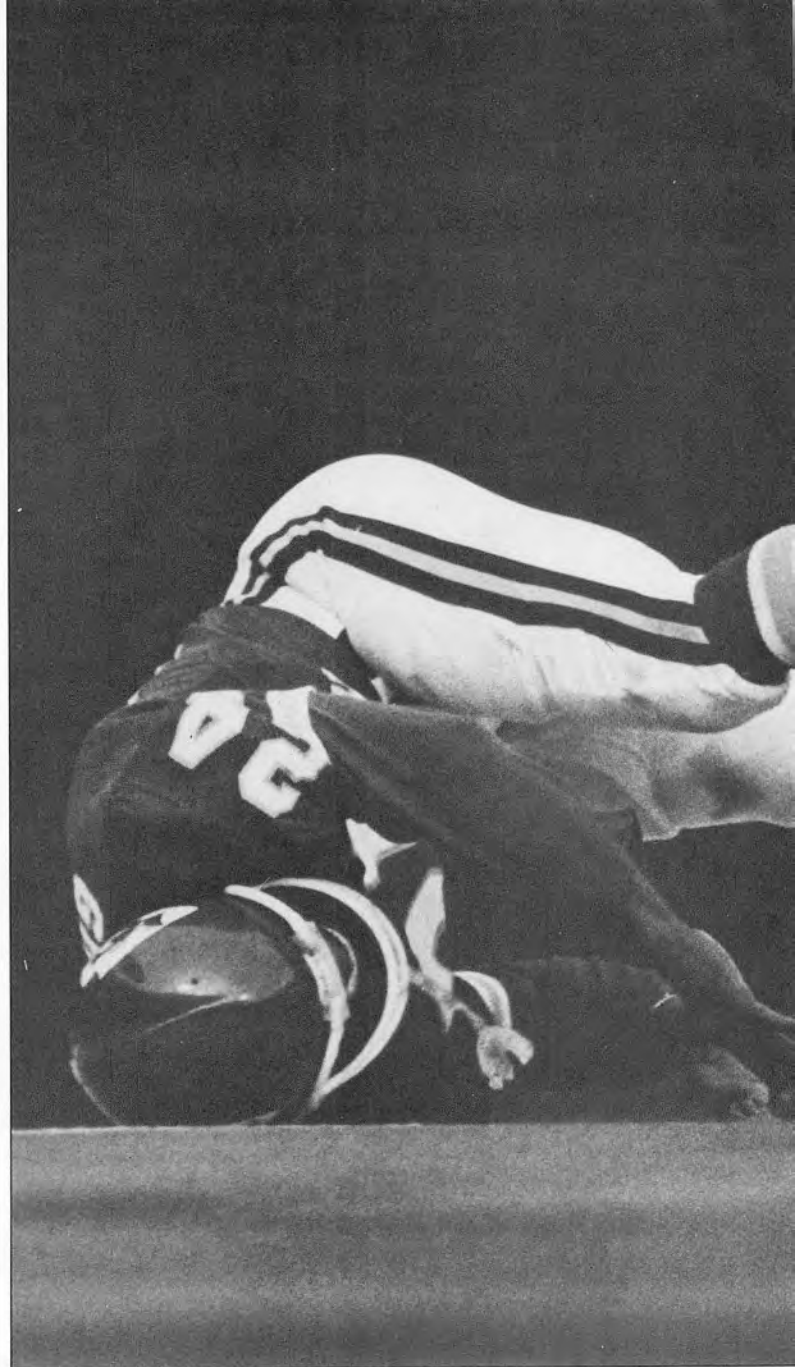
Honorable mention, color action (Right) New Orleans quarterback Dave Wilson finds himself on the short end of a broken pocket against Los Angeles, by Blake Sell, Pasadena, California, Star-News.





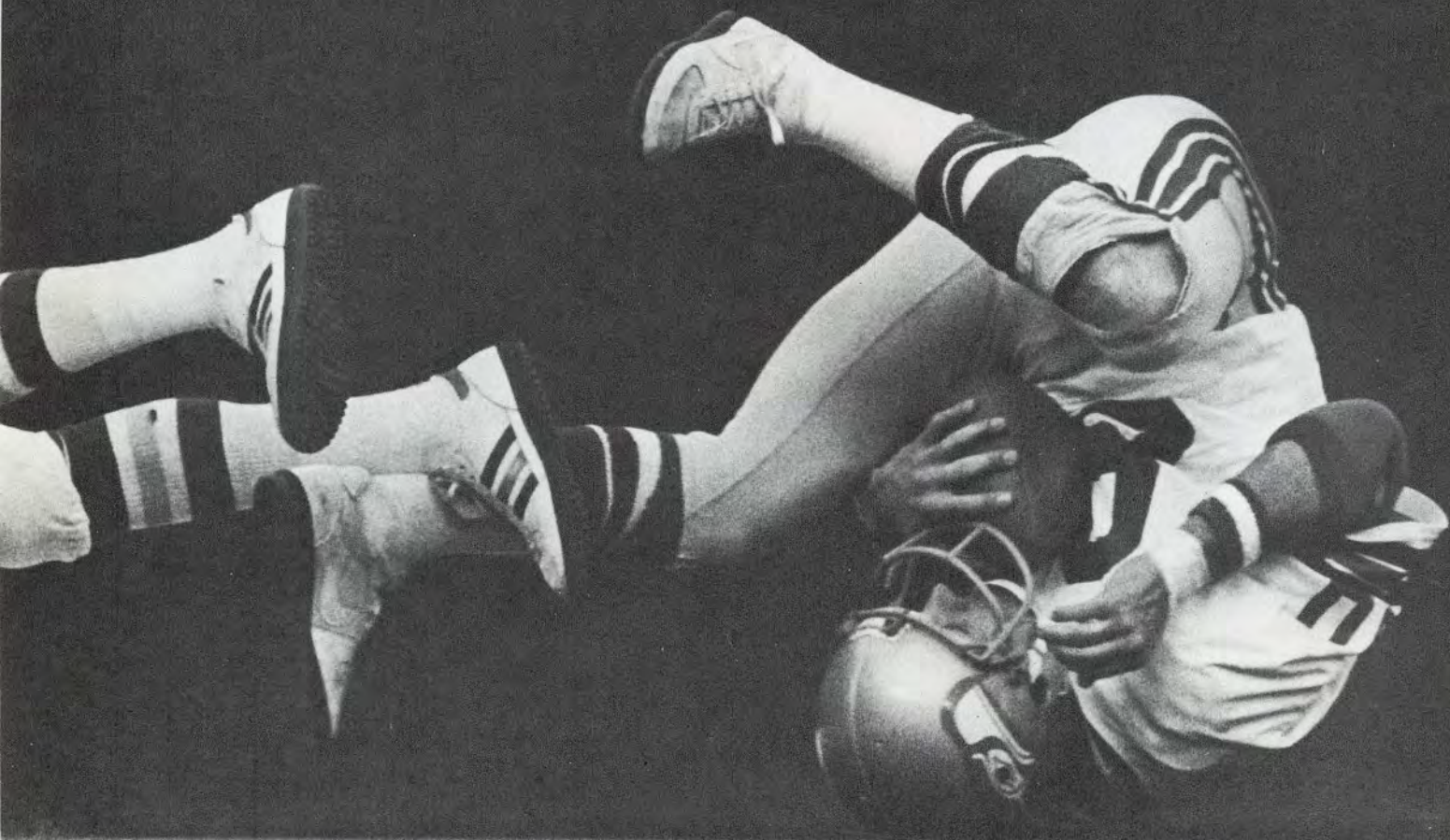
Honorable mention, color action (Left) St. Louis quarterback Neil Lomax gets a lesson in boxing technique from Dallas defensive end Ed (Too Tall) Jones, by Phil Huber, Dallas Morning News.

First place, black-and-white action (Above) Cleveland wide receiver Dave Logan outduels San Diego's Mike Williams in 1981 season opener, by Lance Wynn, Tiffin, Ohio, Advertiser-Tribune.



Honorable mention, black-and-white feature
(Above left) Truly committed souvenir hunters sack the scoreboard after the final game played in Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minnesota, by Joey McLeister, Duluth News-Tribune.

Third place, black-and-white feature
(Above right) Seattle wide receiver Steve Largent hangs on after colliding with Kansas City's Gary Green, by Dan Peak, Kansas City Star.



Second place, color action (Left) Dallas tight end Billy Joe DuPree gets a half-step on Washington's Mark Murphy, Ron Scribner, Dallas, Texas.



First place, color feature

(Above) San Francisco running back Earl Cooper celebrates after scoring the 49ers' second touchdown in Super Bowl XVI, by Andy Hayt, Sports Illustrated.

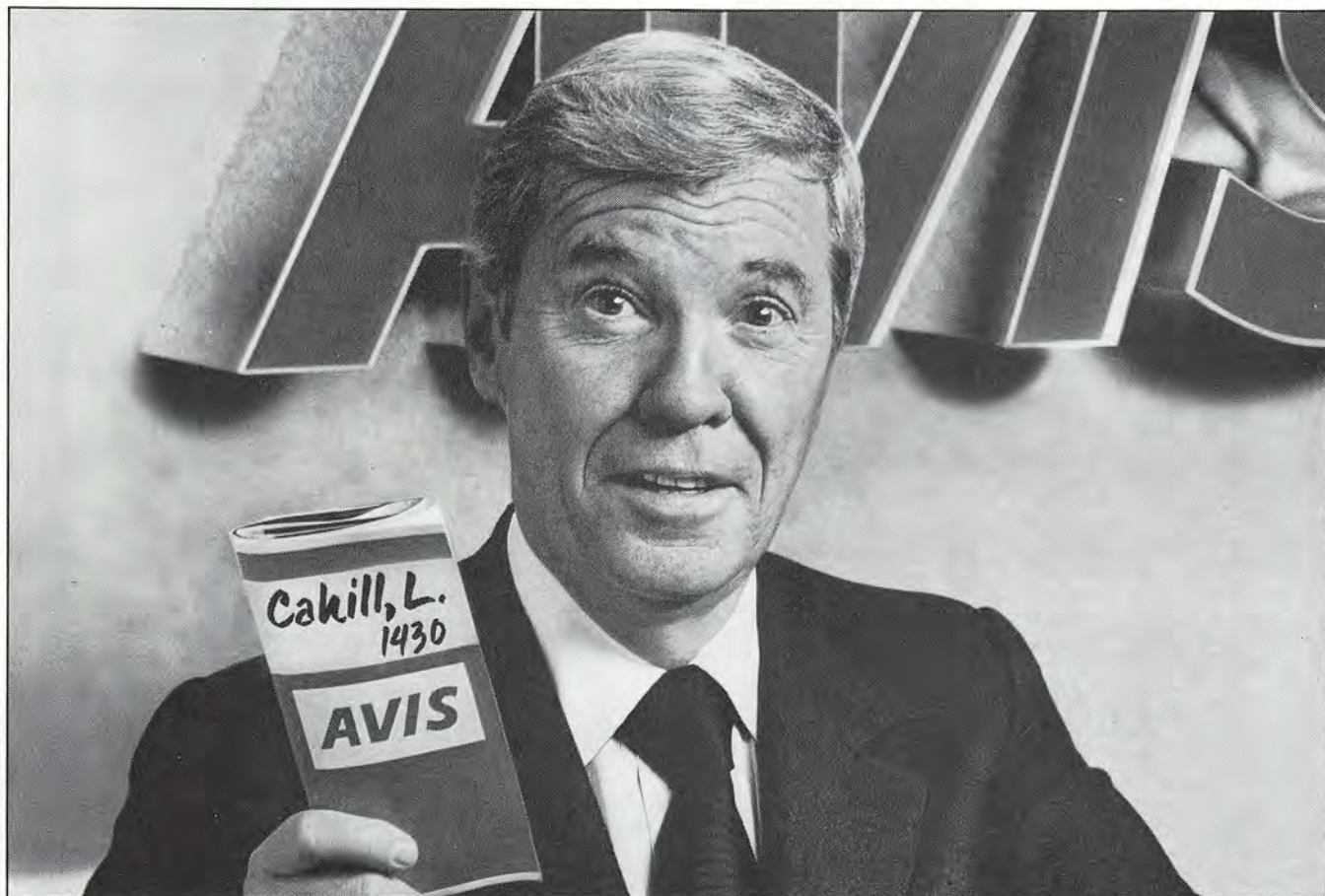


Second place, black-and-white feature

(Left) Dallas linebacker Anthony Dickerson makes light contact out of bounds during a preseason game, Ed Hille, Dallas Morning News. **PRO!**

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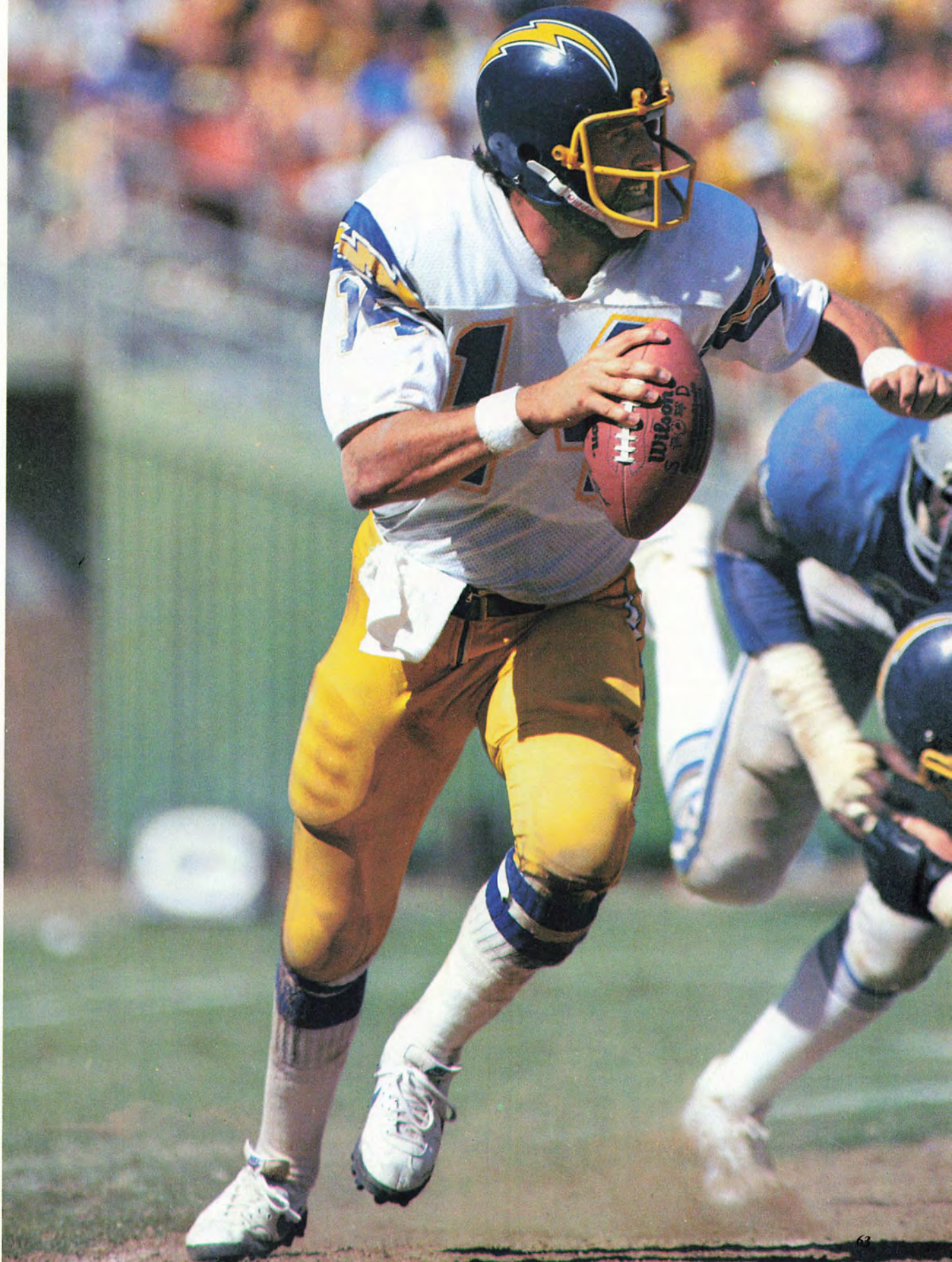
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Air Coryell's Pilot Is...



... Strictly Down to Earth

In the offseason, Chargers quarterback Dan Fouts trades intensity and drama for relaxation and reclusiveness

By Earl Gustkey





The part of America where Dan Fouts lives—Deschutes National Forest country, in Central Oregon—is a checkerboard of small towns, green farms, and jagged lava outcroppings among foothills covered with juniper and rolling sage. The view westward ends at the ancient, snow-tipped volcanoes of the Cascade Range.

Fouts lives in the town of Indian Ford, which is just outside Sisters, which is just outside Redmond, which is just outside Bend. The highway from Bend to Sisters is lined with small farms and ranches. The early morning sky is clear, the air cool and clean. Along the back road, stodgy-looking Angus cattle and (can this be North America?) llamas graze on wet, green grass.

Near Sisters, a sign reads: "The Biggest Little Show in the World—The Sisters Rodeo." Downtown Sisters, a three-block grid, is marked by storefronts of unfinished log and lumber. Squaw Creek tumbles out of the Cascades, a dozen miles away, and runs through downtown—past wooden sidewalks, wooden street signs, and Hotel Sisters, a freshly painted yellow Victorian guest house.

Central Oregon is about as far away from the NFL as you can get, which is the main reason Fouts lives there. He is, to say the least, protective of his private life, even to the point of drawing a strict Maginot line around the log house where he lives with his wife Juli and their two children.

The rest of his rural haven is penetrable, however, and there he maintains a relaxed attitude, mingling with the local populace, downing a beer or two at a local tavern, or wading local streams with his fly-fishing gear, in search of the long, fat steelhead and rainbow trout swimming there. Like Fouts, they keep a low profile, eluding him with near-absolute success.

One of these years, America will wake up one morning to learn from its sports sections that Dan Fouts has completed more passes than any quarterback who ever played pro football. More than Tarkenton, Namath, Unitas, or Jurgensen. He's already surpassed Graham, Baugh, and Layne. On Fouts's side are

three factors that make this virtually inevitable: (1) He is 31 years old; (2) he plays for a coach (Don Coryell) who regards the forward pass the way Patton regarded tanks; and (3) he seems practically immune to injury. Should his luck in this last department hold out, Fouts figures to surpass Fran Tarkenton's NFL completion record of 3,686 sometime during the 1987 season.

Today, however, Fouts's concentration is fixed on the Deschutes, one of several cold-water rivers cutting deep, rocky gorges as they descend from the Cascades. For fly fishermen, the Deschutes is one of the West's great steelhead rivers. The law says fishing from a boat is illegal, and Mother Nature has stacked the odds even higher. Most shore areas are overgrown with thick brush and trees, making for difficult casting. The water is deep and runs swiftly. Chest-high rubber waders are useful only near mid-river, where the current splashes and gurgles knee-deep.

Fouts and a half-dozen friends take on the river. The Deschutes appears to flow backwards. It flows northward, to the Columbia.

After drifting a mile in two motorless riverboats, Fouts and his friends make their first stop at an east shore area relatively free of brush. Fouts steps ashore with the aid of a long oak staff, obviously suited for keeping one's balance in shallow water but whose main purpose is revealed in its name: snake stick. Thousands of rattlesnakes lurk in the thick streamside brush. Fouts whacks away as he walks, trying to raise as much commotion as possible.

Fouts is not a skilled fly fisherman, which places him in the majority of all fly fishermen. He has shown good sense, however, in bringing along his friend Gary Weston, a shop owner in Sun River, near Sisters. Weston sells fly-fishing gear, wine, and cheese and calls his place "Hook, Wine, and Cheddar."

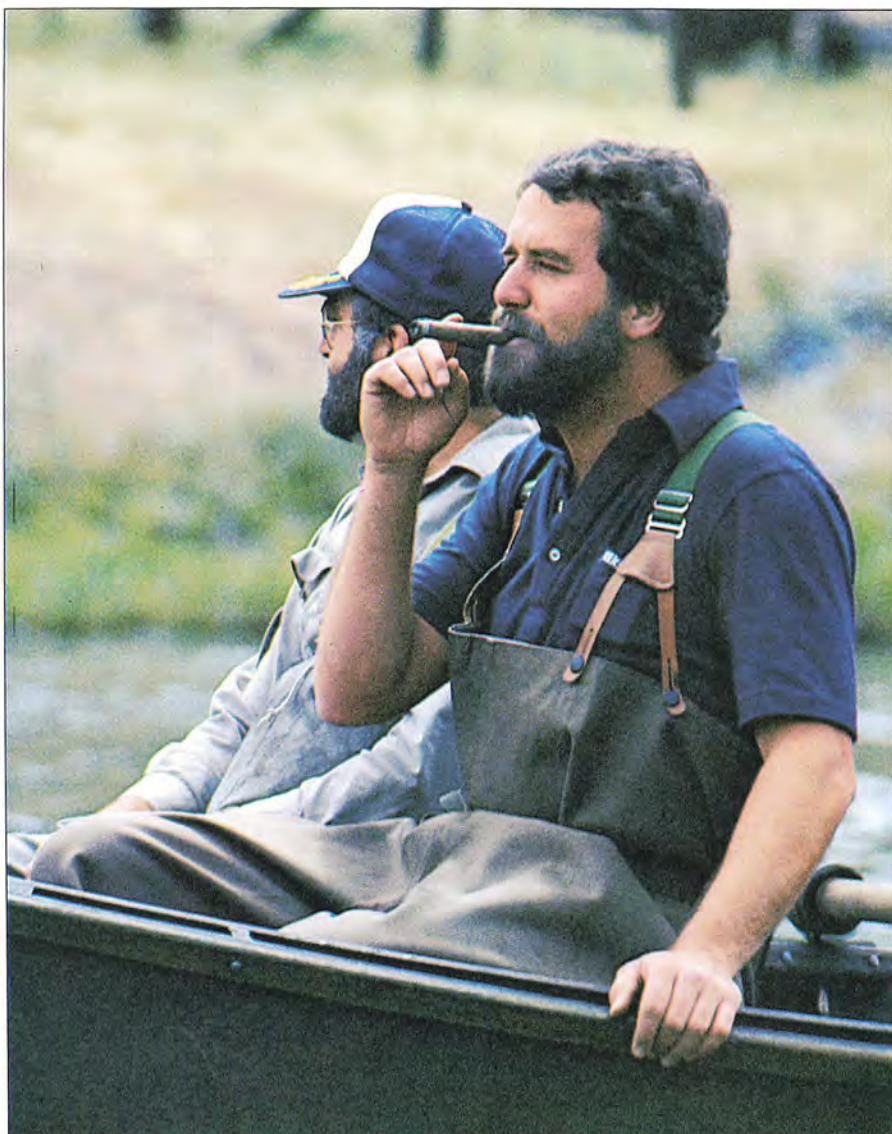
He starts with a wet stone fly nymph. Fouts snarls this masterpiece in the streamside brush behind him.

"I hope he catches some fish today," Weston says. "This is his third trip with flies, and he hasn't caught a thing yet."

"Hey ho! Here's another one!"

The voice comes from downstream.

Fouts finds seclusion in the Deschutes River, casting for steelhead.



Above, Fouts drifts along with fishing buddies; below, a more professional posture.

Fouts's friend Jerry Fletcher, a contractor in Sun River, has been catching and releasing trout at a rate that puts him at about 10 by mid-day. At the same point, Fouts is somewhere around 0-for-400 casts, possibly flirting with the single-day shutout record for NFL quarterbacks. Hearing Fletcher's latest "Hey ho!" Fouts asks, "Whose idea was it to bring him?"

Fouts makes another errant cast, this time tangling his entire body in 20 feet of fly line. Weston's stone fly nymph is hooked to Fouts's trousers.

Fouts moves to the tip of a tiny island. Weston switches him to a Montana stone nymph. Minutes later, Fouts's moment arrives. A strike.

To call the fish attacking the Montana stone nymph "little" would be only a mild understatement. "Fingerling" is more precise. The little fish leaps mightily out of the Deschutes twice before spitting out the hook. Fouts is beaten.

A friend standing nearby, who, along

with a few of the others, has watched this drama unfold, suggests that Fouts try bowling.

Fouts lets himself in for more ribbing at the next stop by falling out of the boat while he is trying to tie it to a tree. He goes in, sinking up to his chest.

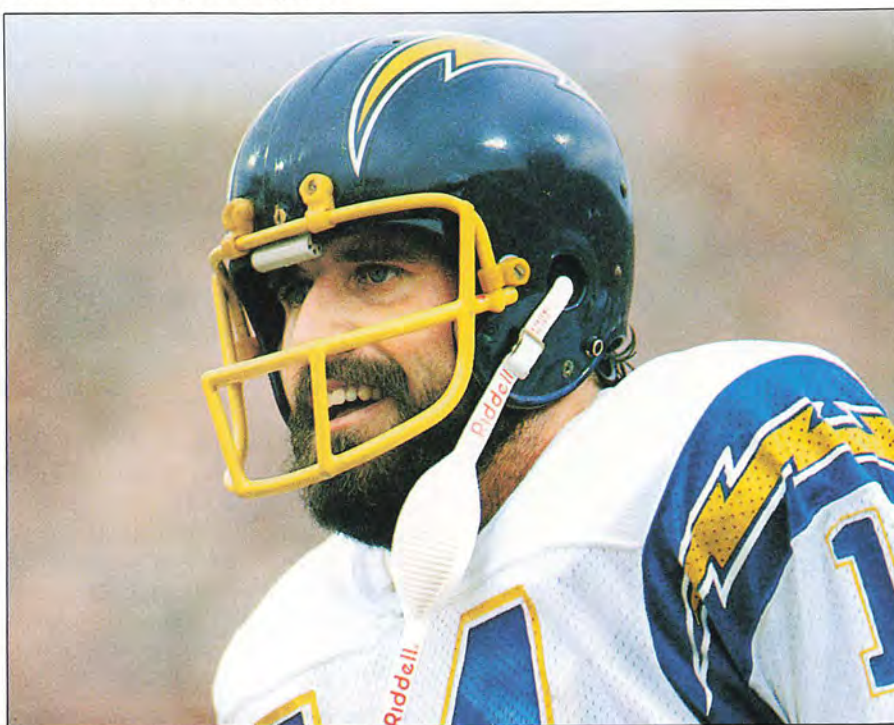
"Did you notice I never lost my composure when I went down?" he asks. "That comes from years of getting knocked down. I'm used to it."

Fouts's ability to get up and gracefully dust (or dry) himself off certainly has something to do with a healthy self-effacing sense of humor. With a beer in one hand, the other hand free to work his fly rod, and a long Honduran cigar, Fouts punctuates spaces in the day's conversation with raunchy jokes, always ready with a zinging retort to any remark made about his fishing skills.

Weston clearly enjoys Fouts's company and has trouble fitting his friend in any sort of public context. Fouts's penchant for privacy, not to mention the remoteness of the home he has chosen, make it so.

"Dan's the only superstar I know," Weston says. "So I couldn't compare him to anyone. But from what I've read, some of them are real jerks. I just can't think of Dan in 'superstar' terms, because he's such an ordinary guy in so many ways.

"He tries to be as low-key and as low-profile as possible. When he goes out to eat with other people, for example, he'll make sure someone else's name is used for the reservation."



In the late afternoon, Fouts's main concern takes a sharp turn, from fishing to basketball. For him, this is not an unnatural transition. Like many of the people who marvel at his work on autumn Sundays, Fouts is a hopeless sports addict, a lifer. He says, "I've had guys in Sisters say to me, 'My watching NFL games on TV causes more fights with my wife than anything.' I really feel kind of guilty about that. But I get that at home, too. Juli will say, 'Oh, no, are you going to watch another *baseball* game?' That's why we have two TVs and a video recorder."

The menacing, tempting, puzzling Deschutes behind him, Fouts steers his Chevy pickup toward Sisters. He looks at his watch and frowns, conceding that he'll never make it home in time for the tipoff of game three of the NBA championship, Lakers vs. 76ers.

At 5:55, five minutes before telecast time, Fouts pulls up to a tavern in Madras, 50 miles from Sisters.

"The Meet Market" obviously was not built and named to attract basketball fans. Entering the place first, Fouts asks the bartender if the game could be turned on. Two minutes later he is smiling like a small child, a pitcher of beer in front of him, and the Lakers and 76ers shaking hands at center court a few feet away.

A few locals file in and out of the tavern, joining Fouts and exchanging views on the progress of the game—a scene being enacted simultaneously across the country. In another part of the room, other patrons shoot pool and punch away at video games. Fouts, meanwhile, pulls for the 76ers. Julius Erving launches a helicopter-style slam dunk. Fouts cuts loose with a war whoop worthy of the Sisters Rodeo.

None of the locals recognizes Fouts, although a few months from now they undoubtedly will be watching him on television and marveling as some announcer intones "...one of the most proficient quarterbacks in NFL history." Fouts continues to trade observations with them, incognito. They haven't a clue.

The next morning, Fouts eats breakfast at the Gallery, a Sisters restaurant decorated with nineteenth century shotguns and other rifles. Again, the setting hardly suggests anything even remotely parallel to pro football, but it's here that Fouts is willing to share some thoughts on where the game has taken him and where it's apt to take him.



Fouts by the Numbers

In the last three years Dan Fouts has established himself as the most productive single-season passer in the history of football. Each year he has broken the NFL record for yards passing in a season. In 1981 he set NFL marks for passing attempts (609), completions (360), and passing yards (4,802).

This season, Fouts will begin his assault on NFL career records. His first target will be Johnny Unitas, who holds the record for most 300-yard games with 26. Fouts already has 25 (including 15 in the last two seasons)

and is virtually certain to break the record this season.

If Fouts continues at his pace of the past three seasons (those seasons in which Don Coryell has been San Diego coach all year), he would hold every major NFL career passing mark by the end of the decade. He would break Fran Tarkenton's records for attempts (6,467), completions (3,686), and yards (47,003) during the 1987 season. He would shatter Tarkenton's record for touchdown passes (342) in 1988.

FOUTS'S STATISTICS

| Year | Att. | Comp. | Pct. | Yards | Avg. Gain | TD | Int. |
|---------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|--------------|-------------|------------|------------|
| 1973 | 194 | 87 | 44.8 | 1126 | 5.80 | 6 | 13 |
| 1974 | 237 | 115 | 48.5 | 1732 | 7.31 | 8 | 13 |
| 1975 | 195 | 106 | 54.4 | 1396 | 7.16 | 2 | 10 |
| 1976 | 359 | 208 | 57.9 | 2535 | 7.06 | 14 | 15 |
| 1977 | 109 | 69 | 63.3 | 869 | 7.97 | 4 | 6 |
| 1978 | 381 | 224 | 58.8 | 2999 | 7.87 | 24 | 20 |
| 1979 | 530 | 332 | 62.6 | 4082 | 7.70 | 24 | 24 |
| 1980 | 589 | 348 | 59.1 | 4715 | 8.01 | 30 | 24 |
| 1981 | 609 | 360 | 59.1 | 4802 | 7.89 | 33 | 17 |
| Totals | 3203 | 1849 | 57.7 | 24256 | 7.57 | 145 | 142 |

Passing the Word on Fouts



Fouts checks strategy with Don Coryell (center) and assistant coach.

Throughout his career, but especially over the last three years, Dan Fouts has earned the respect and admiration of current and former coaches and players in the NFL. This is what a few of them say about the Chargers' quarterback:

Don Coryell, San Diego coach:

"We're only doing what we're doing in San Diego because of Dan. He's a fine athlete and a fierce competitor. He's also very, very bright. Our passing game is very complex, and Dan has to be able to tell every player exactly what to do on every play. He does that extremely well."

Tom Flores, Oakland coach: "In San Diego's type of game, the quarterback doesn't take a very deep drop—about five yards instead of nine—so Fouts has pass rushers in his face all day. However, he has a quick delivery and is very calm under pressure."

Bill Walsh, San Francisco coach:

"The thing that makes him an outstanding quarterback is his ability to concentrate on a downfield receiver. He is without question the best in the game at that. At the same time, he has the ability to feel the pass rush without breaking his concentration. This enables him to avoid the activity around him and still hit an open target downfield."

Brian Sipe, Cleveland quarterback:

"His fearlessness is what impresses me. He's never tentative—he's always attacking the defense. I played for

Don Coryell in college. I envy Dan that he's playing for Don now. He's got the opportunity to live out Don's fantasy, so to speak. They work so well together, and that has to influence his success."

Craig Morton, Denver quarterback:

"Dan never hesitates in throwing a pass. If he's read the defense and knows the receiver should be at a particular spot, he'll just throw it. And throw it with all the authority and confidence in the world."

Sammy Baugh, Pro Football Hall of Fame quarterback: "He never gets rattled, even with a strong pass rush coming at him. He just stands in the pocket and waits for his receivers. He has a lot of confidence in himself and his team. They seem to have confidence in him, too."

Johnny Unitas, Hall of Fame quarterback: "I was with Danny one year in San Diego [1973], and what impressed me was how coachable he was. He's very adaptable and has great mental toughness. He's dedicated and knows the game well. Even as a rookie that year, he thought through the game...he was always a play or so ahead."

"His arm is strong, although not the strongest in the NFL, but he does have a good feel, especially for the medium- and long-range pass. He probably could diversify his attack a little more—use a little more running—but, hell, you can't argue with his results."

Sonny Jurgensen, former quarterback: "He knows what he wants to do and he does it. He's got great touch. He doesn't have the gun of Terry Bradshaw, but he's got a great touch—like Johnny Unitas. He likes to throw from being set, also like Unitas. The main thing is that he has taken full advantage of the recent rules changes."

Bart Starr, Green Bay head coach and Hall of Fame quarterback: "The key ingredient Fouts has is his consistency. Any performer will have an off-day occasionally, but the measure of his ability is how he performs day in and day out against all quality of opponents, under all kinds of conditions. Dan Fouts is certainly consistent."

Bobby Layne, Hall of Fame quarterback: "He's a hell of a thrower, I'll tell you that. He's tall and he's strong, and that helps him stay in the pocket with people all around him. I like the way he hangs in there. He's a pretty cool customer...he never panics."

Otto Graham, Hall of Fame quarterback: "The thing that impresses me about Fouts is his character. You've got to have the respect of the team, and you can't have it without character. It may be only subconscious, but if a team doesn't believe in its quarterback—and it's obvious that San Diego *does* believe in Dan Fouts—it will hold back. The players will question his leadership if they don't totally respect him. No one questions Fouts."

Norm Van Brocklin, Hall of Fame quarterback: "To me, Fouts epitomizes the pocket passer. He stands in there tall and tough. If he gets knocked down, he bounces right back up and lets 'er fly again. I'll never forget that Monday night game last season against Cleveland [San Diego won 44-14]. That had to be the greatest exhibition of passing in the history of the game. Everybody just popped open so quickly and he hit 'em right in the hands. He's gotten more out of the passing game the last three or four years than any of us ever did."

Sid Luckman, Hall of Fame quarterback: "I was at the Orange Bowl in Miami last January for the playoff game between the Chargers and the Dolphins. I've never seen a display of passing *and* courage like that. Fouts was unbelievable. If he's not the best to ever play—and I'm not sure he isn't—he's got a chance to be before he's finished."

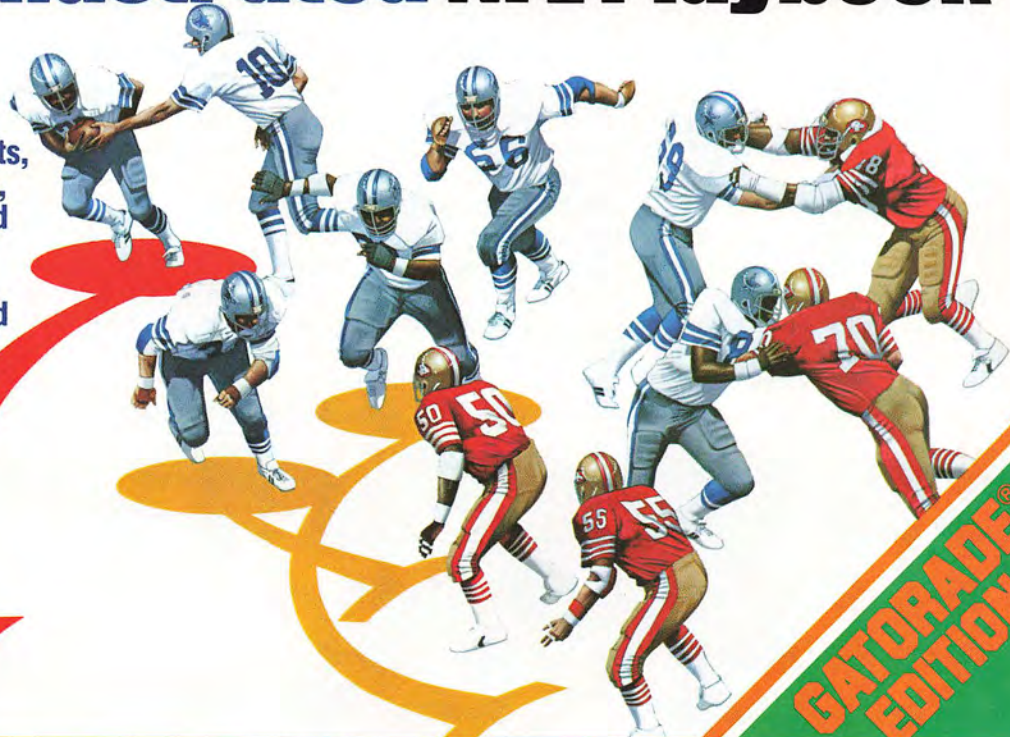


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An easy place to start is the high point of the Chargers' 1981 season, their overtime playoff victory over Miami in the Orange Bowl. Rather than lean too heavily on the popular urge to call this "the greatest game ever played," Fouts—ever the encyclopedic sports fan—chooses his own analogy.

"It was like those Ali-Frazier fights, with each side not giving an inch...each unloading his best shot and the other guy not budging. If ever there was a game that was a shame for either side to lose, that was it. I have never been involved in a game with such great team and individual efforts."

A week later, Fouts and the Chargers were out of the playoffs, eliminated by the Cincinnati Bengals in the AFC Championship Game that was played in Arctic weather (a wind chill temperature of 59 below zero). Fouts says he still feels the physical effects of that day.

"My fingertips and toes were frost-bitten," he says. "My fingertips still hurt when I touch anything cold or hot."

Still, despite cries from several observers that playoff games ought to be held at neutral, warm-weather sites, Fouts is opposed to heavy tampering

with the present playoff structure. "You play all year, trying to get that home-field advantage," he says. "Cincinnati earned it. However, I'm opposed to playing when it's *that* cold. I'd like to see an arrangement where a game like that could be delayed a day or two, But because of television, that probably wouldn't work out, so you're back at square one."

Last-minute devices turned out to be no competition for the elements. "We used chemical hand warmers at that game," Fouts says. "We'd been told they would last three hours. They froze up in ten minutes. On the sideline, I wore electric gloves and put frostbite cream on my face."

When he draws back to put the game in perspective, Fouts reveals a knack for treating his own career as part of a much broader fabric. His reluctance to compare his performances with those of former great NFL quarterbacks reinforces the self-effacement he exudes among friends.

He appreciates the tutelage he's received, even as early as his pre-high school year, when his father Bob was the San Francisco 49ers' play-by-play

announcer...not a bad way to sense the rhythms, tactics, and drama of the game. Other influences have ranged from the rigid disciplinarian who coached him in high school, to the man often nominated as the greatest quarterback in National Football League history, to two of the modern masters of the professional passing game.

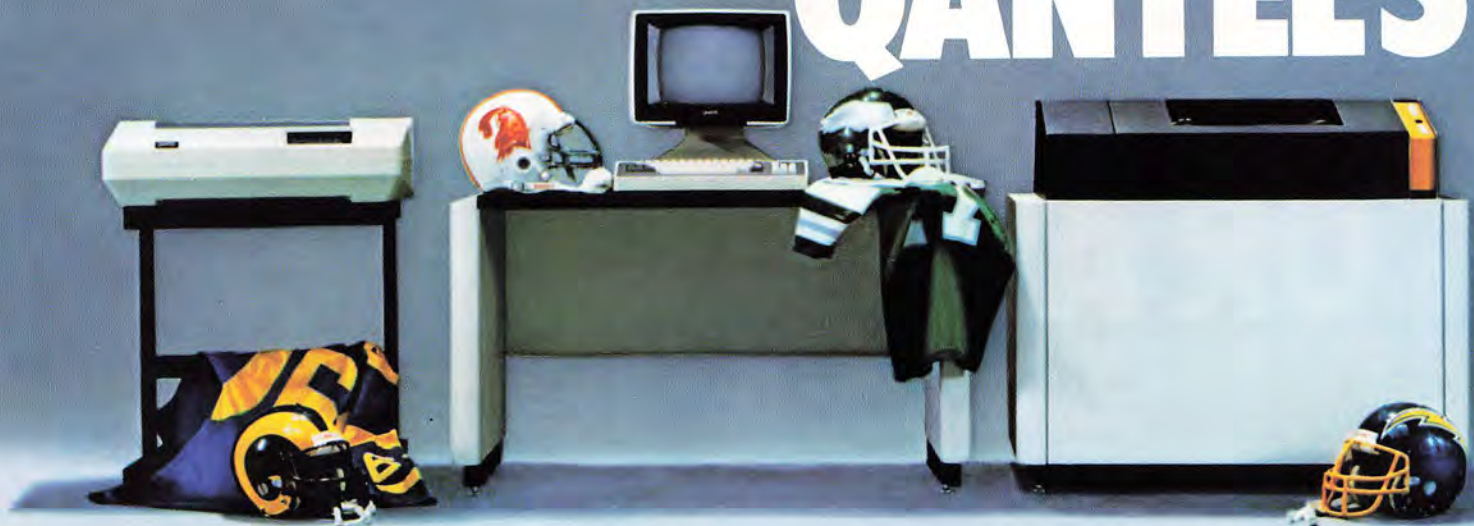
The men and their effects, in order:

Vince Tringali, high school coach: "I went to a Jesuit high school, St. Ignatius, in San Francisco. So discipline was part of the program. But Tringali carried it several steps beyond. He made us afraid to lose. When we did lose, he made sure it didn't happen the next week. He was very big on preparation. Playing for him was a good start for me."

Johnny Unitas, who finished his career at San Diego in 1973: "No one ever threw the football as well as Namath...well, maybe Jurgensen. But Unitas knew a lot of ways to beat you. I played with him my first year with San Diego. Just watching him, I learned a lot—his rhythm, his tips on reading defenses, the way he'd think in games."

Bill Walsh, Chargers quarterback coach in 1976, now head coach at San

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Fouts on Fouts

EDITOR'S NOTE: To say that Dan Fouts grew up in a sports-oriented environment would be an understatement. His father Bob has been a sports broadcaster for 30 years, including a term as the San Francisco 49ers radio and television play-by-play man during the 1950s and 1960s. The writing below is taken from "My Son Dan," an article by Bob Fouts that appears in a 1982 edition of GameDay, the official stadium publication of the NFL.

It was the loser's dressing room—deathly quiet, tape-littered, grim. Sunday, January 11, 1981. The bitterly disappointed Chargers had just lost the AFC Championship Game to the Oakland Raiders 34-27, and with it a berth in the Super Bowl.

My assignment from ABC Radio Network Sports was to interview the winning and losing quarterbacks.

I had recorded Jim Plunkett earlier and phoned his happy reactions to New York. Now they wanted the San Diego quarterback's comments for their overnight feed to the affiliates.

I know of no reporter who relishes covering the losing dressing room.

But for me, in some 30 years on the sports beat, this was the worst! The losing quarterback happened to be my son, Dan Fouts. I knew more than the



Bob Fouts (right) interviews his son.

others just how much this game meant to him. At dinner the night before we had talked about it...how you get just so many chances in a career to reach the Super Bowl...how he hoped some of his older teammates would finally make it. For Dan Fouts, the Super Bowl is the only goal.

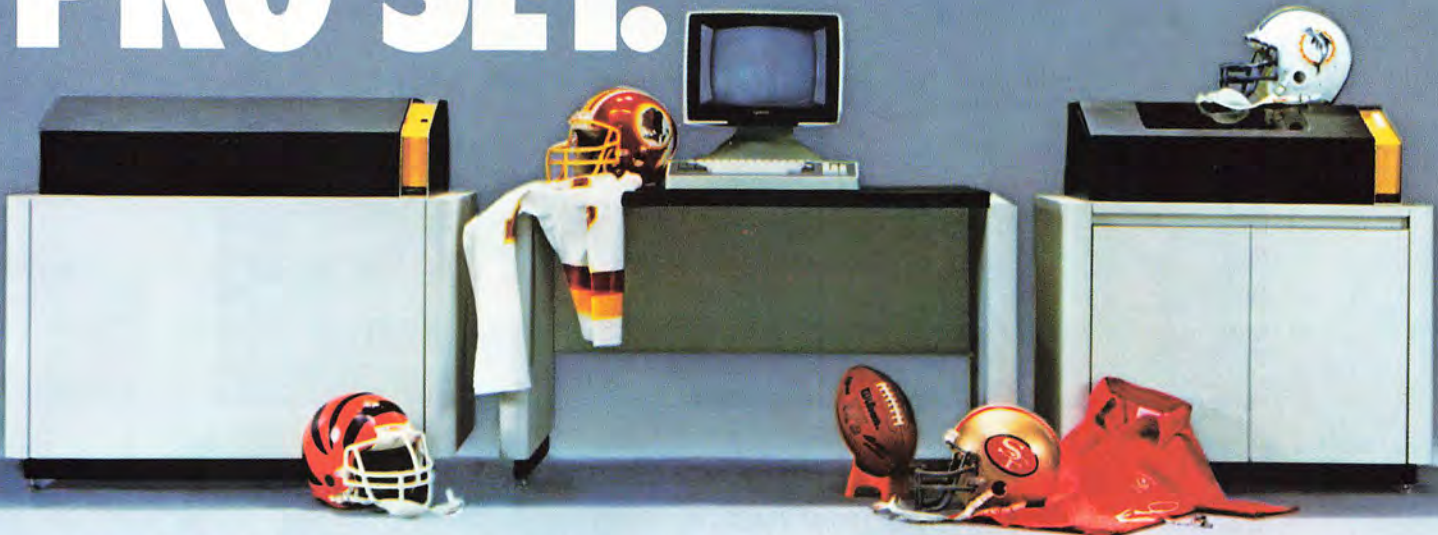
Most reporters already had left as I approached his cubicle, not really

knowing what to say. A quick embrace, some mumbled words of consolation, "I'm proud of you Dan. You played a fine game...." I really can't remember exactly what I said. But we're both professionals, and Dan, knowing how I felt and what I needed, made it easier, patiently repeating what he had already said many times. I hurried away to phone the report to New York.

Later that night at dinner, surrounded by family, teammates, and friends, the tension and hurt eased some, and the laughs came as the real stories unfolded of missed assignments, bad calls, ribald remarks.

Months later at a family reunion, Dan began to play the video tape of the final moments of that defeat. We sat in stunned silence, wondering why he thought that any of us would want to relive those painful moments. But Dan said, "Watch this," and he pointed to a guy with a microphone running across the field just after the final gun, chasing Plunkett for an interview. "There's Dad," Dan said. "Strictly a front runner!"

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Francisco: "I wish I'd had more than that one year with Bill. He's the most thorough quarterback coach I ever worked with. He primarily taught me fundamentals and how to react in game situations the way I do in practice situations."

Don Coryell: "He's a genius. Do you know we're averaging six yards per snap? No one knows more about moving the football than he does. He sees things in defenses no one else does. He probes defenses with subtle things like putting people in motion, seeing how they react. He doesn't ask players to do things they physically can't do. He's a perfectionist. He puts great emphasis on success on every snap. He and I like to do the same things in the offseason, by the way. He backpacks a lot in the Sierra Nevada, in California."

Excellence on every snap is a lofty, some would say unattainable, goal in the 1980s version of pro football. Fouts agrees, adding his own interpretation.

"It's extremely difficult to win in the NFL today," Fouts says. "Or, putting it another way, it's extremely easy to lose. Talk about parity, we've got it. You can have all the basics—including talented players and good coaching—and you still have enormous amounts of work to do before you can win."

"There are thousands of reasons why teams win or lose. But I'd say protecting the quarterback is a major one. A quarterback sack is an emotional play. A sack can shift a game's momentum immediately, although in our case we feel we can make up the loss on the next play more readily than anyone else. That extra one-half or full second our offensive line gives me to throw is a major reason why we've been successful the last few years. It's possible to show statistically who does the best job in the league protecting the quarterback by figuring percentage of sacks versus pass attempts, and it's stupid that the league doesn't keep it. If they did, I'm sure we'd be right near the top." [See "It Figures," page 30.]

It's clear that Fouts the fan, Fouts the student of the game, and Fouts the player all are integral parts of a personality with enough strength and verve to take up his father's vocation once his playing days are finished. Although Fouts the player would rather not talk about his plans for life after football ("Once you say what you want to do, a public perception takes hold. It can be difficult to pursue another career when everyone thinks you want to do something else."), he doesn't miss a chance to comment from the vantage point of

Fouts the student of game.

"I think the television announcers do a good job," he says. "And I don't think a lot of people realize what a difficult job color men have. The ones who are ex-players have to de-program themselves ... forget all football language that means nothing to viewers. Then they have to say something interesting about a play in very concise terms, put it in laymen's terms, and also be a little entertaining at the same time. A lot of people who criticize announcers don't fully understand how difficult it is."

Sportswriters?

"Again, a difficult job—writing an interesting account of a game and doing it under a deadline. I doubt if I could do it. Not on the first try, anyway. I will say a lot of sportswriters make a mistake when they start investigating why a team goes bad. Many of them seem to grope for reasons why a team is losing. They should understand football players are human beings first and football players second. There can be a million reasons why a team loses. Maybe Joe Doaks had a big fight with his wife the night before, or maybe Joe Smith has an injury and hasn't told anyone. Sportswriters also get hung up on 'turning points' in game stories. I'm not sure what a 'turning point' is. Sure, a big play could be called a turning point, but there are a lot of reasons why that big play was or wasn't successful."

The conversation ends ... somewhere. Fouts's stream of consciousness, his inner narrative, shows no signs of slowing, however. Questions about his future, whether they focus on the end of his playing career or the next few hours, seem irrelevant when posed in this setting. So this last remark is plucked from an earlier context. Used here, though, it seems to sum up Fouts's state of mind, a sense of what's important in his life:

"When I had a chance to buy twenty acres here in 1977, I did," he says. "We built a nice log house. When the kids [Dominick, 4, and Suzanne, 2] are a little older, I'll buy some horses. It's our kind of area; I love to fish and hike in the mountains. We do some cross-country skiing, too. Juli and I have started early in the morning, skied ten miles into the wilderness, had lunch in some remote spot, then skied back. Just before I leave for training camp, most of the low-level snow will be gone, and we'll backpack together. Really, there's so much to do here. I've just scratched the surface."

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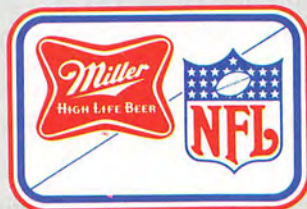
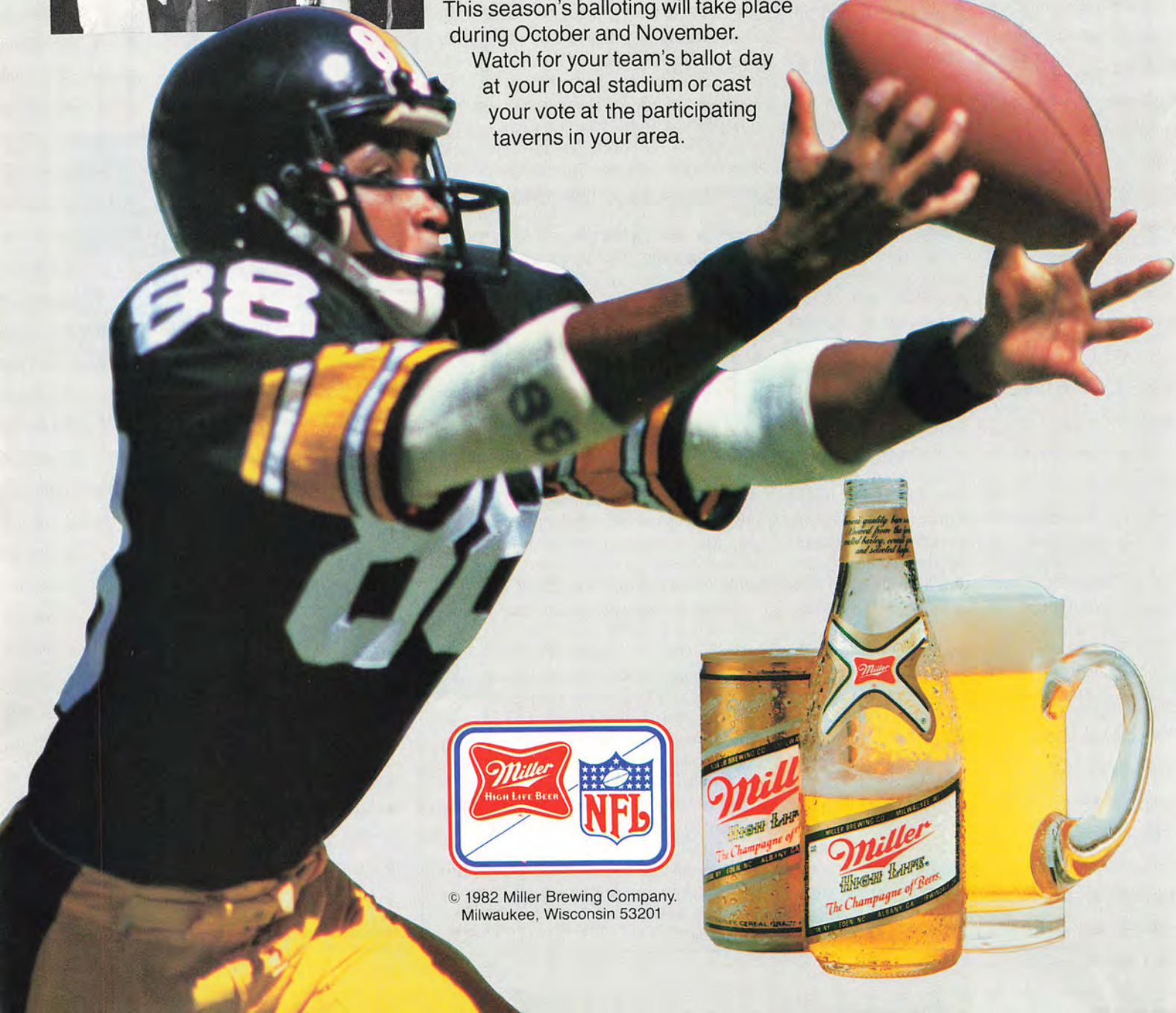


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HACKSAW'S HEAVEN

The Soft Side of the 49ers' Jack Reynolds

SAN SALVADOR ISLAND, Bahamas—Sitting and smiling and sipping casually on a Beck's beer, he hardly seems to be the same Jack Reynolds who makes a living and a reputation by mauling National Football League running backs and growling at the media.

"This is my escape, my heaven away from all that," Reynolds says as he lounges on the porch of his modest, 800-square foot home. He gazes casually eastward at the Atlantic Ocean. Half a football field away, clear, turquoise waters gently caress soft, white sand.

The only hint of his football-playing fame is offered by a T-shirt that reveals more than his bulging muscles and oversized, beer-seasoned stomach.

On the front it says: I'm too old, too short, too slow; on the back: And I can't cover anybody.

During 11 seasons as a linebacker with the Los Angeles Rams and one with the San Francisco 49ers, Reynolds bristled whenever such descriptions were made of him. But here, at his offseason island home, he allows it to be known that all his ranting and raving is merely seasonal.

The tiger who mauls and growls his way through the NFL becomes a domesticated pussycat in this

serene setting on an Atlantic Ocean island paradise.

Reynolds looks down at his T-shirt and offers a mocking smile.

"Too old, too short, too slow, hah!" he says sarcastically.

For years, pro scouts have wondered how those negative descriptions add up to the positive results that Reynolds displays on the field. In reality, the key to Reynolds's performance is in his reaction to such reports.

"To me, the challenge is everything," Reynolds says. "If I'm not bitching, I'm not happy. Give me the slightest cause to complain or even hint that something can't be done and I have all the incentive I need.

"When people say you can't do this and you can't do that, it excites me, gets me going. To me, life is boring if you just go around doing what everybody thinks you should."

So even in the offseason, Jack (Hacksaw) Reynolds marches to his own drummer.

"A lot of people think I'm crazy because I come to this remote island when the season is over," he says. "Sure I could live in our home in Huntington Beach [California] with all the conveniences of

By Frank Cooney

Photographs by John Storey

supermarkets and restaurants and repairmen.

"But I feel more alive here. I feel like a cross between Robinson Crusoe and Davy Crockett. You have to do everything on your own here or it doesn't get done. There are no phones. We run out of gas all the time. There is only one store, and that doesn't have a lot to offer. It's great...I love it."



"The islanders here call Pat a wild woman," Reynolds says, "because she works so hard that she gets more done in one day than ten Bahamians can get done in a week."

Reynolds passes the time in his paradise by fishing, fixing his jeep, tinkering around the house, and chopping roads through the jungle with his army axe. He is so casual and laid back that he doesn't even growl at a writer from California.

In fact, he enthusiastically discusses anything and everything, including his desire to have his wife Pat run his offseason life; his grandmother, who first generated his interest in football; his mentally retarded brother Bill, who inspired him always to work hard; his uncommon interest in the military; his love of hacking things, and a few opinions about football.

The truth serum that inspires Reynolds to be so revealing is San Salvador Island, one of the Bahama's out-islands, 385 miles southeast of Fort Lauderdale, Florida. San Salvador is 12 miles long, five miles wide, and filled with a never-ending chain of brackish lakes.

Reynolds hardly can take credit for discovering this haven. In fact, only a mile up the beach from the Reynolds house is the very spot where Christopher Columbus first stumbled onto the new world in 1492. Later, Juan Ponce de Leon came here to begin his search for the fountain of youth.

It was Ponce de Leon's historian, Herrera, who probably named this group of islands when he described the water as *bajamar*, meaning shallow.

The bays and coral reefs around San Salvador abound with such glamorous wildlife as marlin, bonefish, barracuda, grouper, tuna, parrotfish, conch (pronounced "konk"), and dolphin of both the fish and mammal variety. Plus plenty of sharks.

But life on the island is far from glamorous. Approximately 700 native islanders live in small block houses, most without electricity. Reynolds's five-room home is crammed with supplies brought from the States because there is only one under-

stocked, overpriced store on the entire island.

"I first came here when I was a kid and my father worked with Pan American Airlines, which had missile-tracking stations here," Pat Reynolds says. "I brought Jack here in about 1972, right after we were married. We began building our own home here last year. While Jack was playing, I stayed and saw to it that everything was done right."

"The islanders here call Pat a wild woman," Reynolds says, "because she works so hard that she gets more done in one day than ten Bahamians can get done in a week. Life here is so easy-going that when they say they will get something done right away, you time them with a calendar, not a watch. The people here treat her as if she is a native."

But for Jack Reynolds, this is far different from the bustling Cincinnati neighborhood in which he was raised with four brothers and one sister. He had two older brothers, but Jack was the first of the clan to become heavily involved in football.

In fact, the only athletic background came from his mother's side of the family. His grandmother, Edna A. Churchill, was a football fan.

"It was my grandmother who really got me interested in football," Reynolds says. "She used to watch football at our house on TV all the time. She knew a lot about the game and I was impressed. I grew very, very close to her while we watched those games."

"She was a big New York Giants fan. The Cleveland Browns were big in our neighborhood, but she didn't like Jim Brown. She liked Sam Huff. I really wasn't for either team. I just liked the action, the intensity. I think it was then that I first thought of playing pro football."

Reynolds says he wishes his grandmother could have seen him play in the Super Bowl. The woman who introduced Jack Reynolds to pro football died two years before he helped the 49ers to the championship game.

It is well-known that during the season Reynolds stays up late at night reviewing films and analyzing everything about his opponent. It also is well-known that he performs better than most men of his size, age, and lack of speed.

But few people know that Reynolds's overachieving traits may have been due to the influence of his oldest brother Bill, who is mentally retarded.

"His problem was not a severe one, but I always realized how lucky I was just to be normal," Reynolds says. "I still work every year for the Special Olympics in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. When you see all those people struggling to do well against such odds, it makes you feel so fortunate that all your faculties work."

"I have a lot of respect for my brother and those people who work so hard despite their problems."

This isn't to say that all of Reynolds's energy is devoted to conventional hard work. Many of his deeds hardly would be considered conventional, such as the celebrated incident that earned him his nickname. After an important loss during his collegiate career at the University of Tennessee, he went through 13 hacksaw blades while cutting apart an old car.



*Hacksaw hits the beach
in search of barracuda.*

He also spends a lot of energy pursuing his love of military paraphernalia, which is illustrated by the fatigues he often wears and his several jeeps.

Reynolds attempted to trace such idiosyncracies to their origins. His love of the military predates the time he spent in the National Guard (1970-77). It goes back to his childhood, when he watched TV programs called "Combat" and "The Big Picture."

"They were about war, but I didn't like the actual war," he said. "I liked the machinery, the military stuff like trucks, four-wheelers, halftracks, jeeps, and tanks.

"Yeah, I liken myself to a jeep. If there is an obstacle I can go around, I'd rather plow through it or over it, like a jeep. It's a challenge."

Reynolds keeps an army axe on the side of his army jeep when he travels on the island. Whenever he gets bored fishing, he takes the axe and begins hacking away at the dense jungle. His six-to-eight-foot paths are visible here, there, and everywhere.

"My goal is to hack out a road all the way around the island," he says. "That way we never will have to get out of the jeep no matter where we go."

Wherever they go and whatever they do on the island, Pat and Jack Reynolds always seem to reveal more and more unusual characteristics about themselves and their relationship. Even a relatively normal day around the house can be revealing.

Pat was hanging out laundry in the hot Bahamian sun when Jack shuffled over with some glue in one hand and the keys to his jeep in the other.

"Do you want me to put the set of drawers together?" Jack asks. "Or do you want me to go to the store?"

This is the same Jack Reynolds who made instantaneous, major decisions as a linebacker and leader of the Super Bowl champion 49ers, the same man who did not need to be told anything when he spearheaded the greatest goal-line stand in Super Bowl history.

Away from football and relaxing at his offseason island home, he is a far different man than he is in a football environment.

"Once the season is over, I feel burnt out mentally... maybe more than physically," he says. "I don't want to make any decisions."

So from the time he gets up in the morning—"Pat, what T-shirt should I wear?"—Reynolds defers almost all decision-making responsibility.

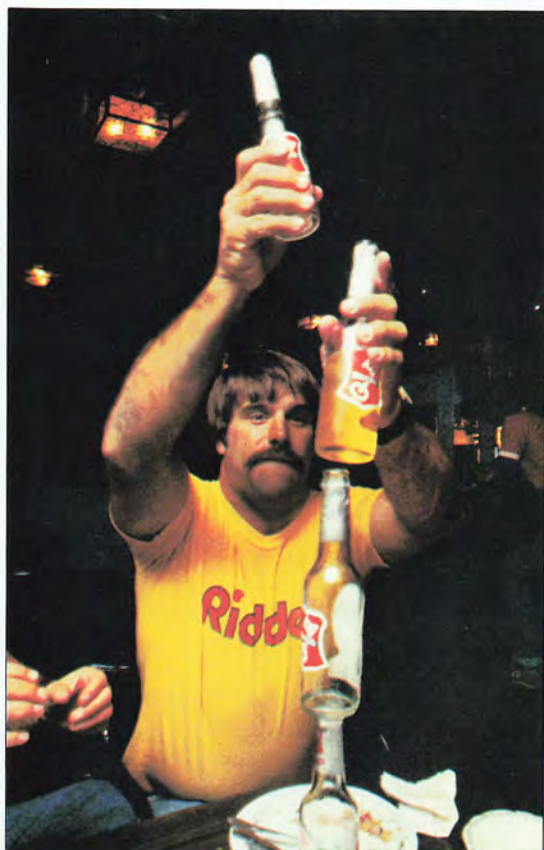
"I'm perfectly happy if Pat makes all the decisions around the house and David makes all the decisions about my business," Reynolds says, referring to his agent, David Fishof. "I just do what I'm told."

This hardly is a case of the tail wagging the dog, however.

"Jack's not stupid, believe me," Pat says while watching him glue the set of drawers. "It's just easy for him to ask me everything. Then he doesn't have to think about what to do or when to do it."

"I admit I ask the stupidest questions all the time here," Reynolds says. "When I'm alone, as I was in San Francisco during the season, I do what I want. But when I'm with Pat, I would just as soon do what pleases her. And if I ask what to do, I'll never have to do something over again."





"I liken myself to a jeep. If there is an obstacle I can go around, I'd rather plow through it or over it, like a jeep. It's a challenge. . . . My goal is to hack out a road all the way around the island. That way we never will have to get out of the jeep no matter where we go."



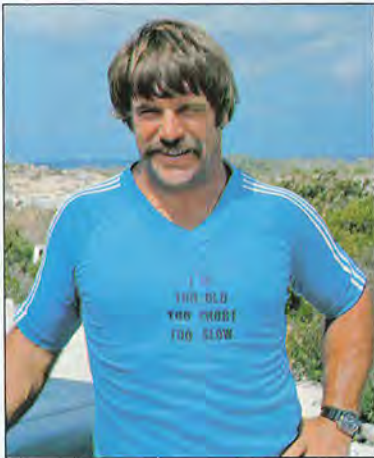
"Sometimes I feel that without her, I couldn't operate in a lot of ways. I'm kind of methodical, always busy doing some little chore, but scattered. She keeps me running in the right direction."

"It's a very easy relationship because Jack is very passive," Pat adds. "He gives in; I don't. I could stay mad for three years and not speak. He always gives in. I don't think it's so much that I am the dominant figure. Jack lets it be this way because it's easier on him. He's no fool. Come to think of it, maybe I should do it his way."

Reynolds hoists the completed set of drawers in the air and looks at it from all sides.

"All done with that," he says. "Now, do you want me to go to the store?...or should we go to the other side of the island to do some fishing?"

Reynolds did make the biggest decision in their relationship—the decision to get married. Both agreed on this point during an afternoon fishing trip to the southern tip of the island.



"Jack is more sensitive in his own way than he leads people to believe," says Pat Reynolds. "He just never shows his feelings the way most people do."

"It was after my rookie year with the Rams [1970] and I was back at my old campus in Knoxville, testing out a jeep," he says. "It was about fifteen degrees out and I was greasy and wearing fatigues and driving around with no top on the jeep."

"I stopped at a Vol-Market, which is like a 7-11, and on the way I literally bumped into Pat."

"He was really a mess...I didn't like him at all," Pat says of their first encounter. "I thought he was strange. I had some girlfriends with me, and Jack had some other guys in the car. We sort of ignored them, but they kept following us. Somebody said he was a rookie with the Rams, and I just said, 'Big deal.' I wasn't impressed...yet."

"What finally attracted me to Jack was that he never gives up. Within a few months he was pushing to get married. The first time we went to the Justice of the Peace it was closed. I was delighted because I wasn't sure I wanted to take the plunge. He took me back not long after that and we were married in 1972."

"She is strong-minded and I like that," Reynolds says. "Getting married was the one time I really had to assert what I wanted. Since then, anything Pat wants is fine with me."

"After I married Jack, my biggest goal was to be my own person," Pat says. "I'm his wife, but I'm not an extension of him. I'm my own person."

"When somebody introduces me as 'Jack Rey-

nolds's wife,' I say, 'Hey, wait a minute. Jack Reynolds is my husband.'

"Don't get me wrong. I'm damn proud because Jack is a one-of-a-kind and I'm damn lucky. The public has its view of Jack through football, but I know him as one of the most gentle and generous people I've ever met...in his own way."

It is time to get ready for an island "rip," or dance, at the Harlem Square Club in Cockburn Town.

At home, Pat brushes her long brown hair and sings a duet with a cassette of Mickey Gilley songs on the stereo.

She is a graceful, long-limbed, 5 feet 8 inches and likes to get fixed up a little more than most for these casual, come-as-you-please island get-togethers. In Pat's case, that means fashion jeans, high-heeled sandals, and a silk blouse.

Jack is dressed in his best army fatigues and a T-shirt. He listens to the music for a couple of seconds, then joins in.

"I never knew the art of making love, blah, blah, blah," he hollers, mocking the ballad. Then he stops and snickers.

"God, Jack, will you please knock it off," Pat says. Jack snickers some more, but Pat is caught up in his playfulness and she laughs.

"We are opposite in a lot of ways," Jack says. "I'm not what you would call very romantic. Pat likes all that stuff."

There are about 100 paperbacks on the shelves, ranging from *How to Read the Constellations* to a number of romantic novels. There also is a wide variety of music cassettes, from 1960s Beach Boys songs to Bob Marley's reggae music to disco and country-western.

"Those all are Pat's," Jack says. "I'm not interested in music too much. And the only books I read are parts catalogs for my jeep and manuals on how to put things together...and playbooks, of course."

"Jack is more sensitive in his own way than he leads people to believe," Pat says. "He just never shows his feelings the way most people do. But if you were married to him for ten years, you would know how he feels when things happen."

Pat knows how Jack reacted when the Los Angeles Rams waived him. He was 33 years old. In 1980 he played his way onto the NFC Pro Bowl squad without a contract while trying to negotiate a new deal. Then the Rams cut him.

Publicly, Jack pointed out at the time that this put him in a great position because as a free agent he was able to pick his next team. Privately, he hurt, and Pat knew it.

"Being released came as a total surprise to him because he expected to work out the contract" Pat says. "He was hurt a lot more than he's willing to admit. He put a lot of years in for them, and that was all the thanks he got."

"I knew it bothered him because he got real quiet. He does that at times like that. Then he goes out and chops down fifty trees or some equally impossible thing. I think he chopped down half the forest at my parents' place in Tennessee after he was waived. But that physical stuff [all that chop-

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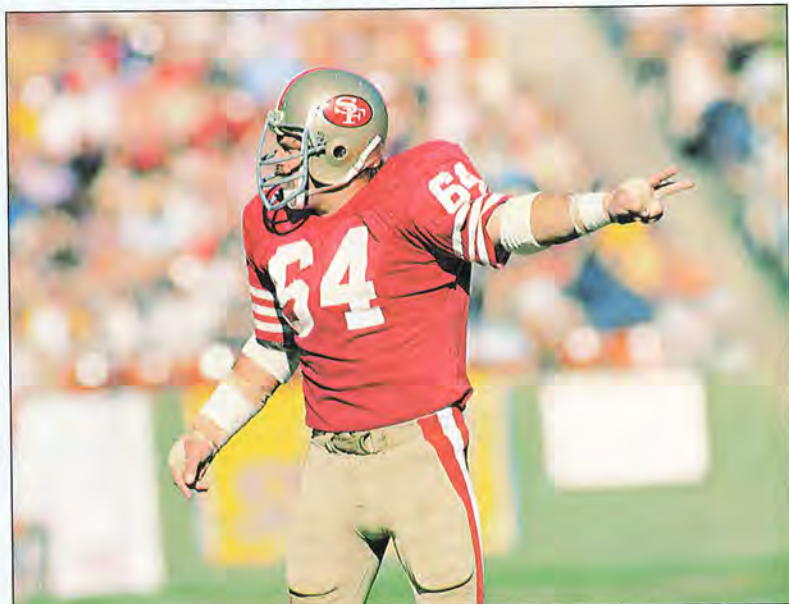
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ping and hacking] doesn't fool me. He's plenty sensitive.

"Romantic? Jack? Not at all," Pat says. "The most romantic thing he has done since we have been married is buy me a gold watch on his very own once. Usually my presents are from me, to me.



"Violence bothers me... unnecessary stuff like spearing, hitting late, using elbows to the head... those kinds of cheap shots. There are plenty of ways to deal with a situation legally...."

"Even when he asked me to marry him, Jack said it was because he needed a tax write-off. He's not big on romance, but he has his ways of showing that he is sensitive to my feelings."

Jack reappears. He is wearing clean jeans and a white shirt with a 49ers emblem on the chest pocket.

"Ready," he says. "Let's get going to the rip. They've already started the music by now."

It has been an hour since Reynolds first spotted a large barracuda. Now the chase is over. Reynolds has surrendered.

"Couldn't get him," Reynolds says as he pulls off his snorkel and puts down the spear. "I tried my best, but that sucker kept getting away."

There is a touch of irony to Reynolds splashing around in the clear waters stalking barracuda, which are particularly vicious-looking, carnivorous fish with a long mouth full of protruding teeth.

Actually, like most of earth's creatures other than man, barracuda do not attack merely for the morbid thrill of maiming. Their frightening features and aggressive temperament are suited for what they must do—kill and eat other fish to survive.

In doing this, barracuda are a classic example of efficiency. They are territorial creatures, with each establishing its own hunting domain. They patrol their areas, patiently stalk victims, tactfully positioning themselves closer and closer.

Suddenly, in a furious, ferocious, final lunge, the game is over, and the barracuda has won again.

Jack Reynolds understands and appreciates such a law—in the sea, on land, and especially on a football field. Resting from his extended underwater chase, Reynolds discusses his way of handling the rough business of playing linebacker. He insists the game can and should be played cleanly, and he openly criticizes players who claim certain types of

violence are necessary in professional football.

Reynolds believes he has lived within the rules for 12 years while establishing himself as one of the best linebackers in the league. Last season he helped the 49ers to a Super Bowl championship by leading the team in clean hits. In fact, before he led the 49ers in tackles he was the Rams number-one tackler for several seasons.

Reynolds's scowling face and grumpy manner on the field certainly are intimidating to opposing players. However, at a little more than 6 feet and 225 pounds, he hardly is the biggest or fastest player in the NFL.

Reynolds is one of the deadliest, however, because he knows more than most how to get the job done.

Reynolds first stalks his prey on a movie screen, where he becomes familiar with opponents through hours of scrutiny. On the field, Reynolds gains his advantage through perfect positioning. His uncanny ability to be at the right place at the right time is partially because of all that film work, partially because of acquired knowledge from 12 years in the NFL. Mostly, though, it is because of his remarkable instincts.

Reynolds used those skills to key the most dramatic goal-line stand in Super Bowl history. He was in on three of the four plays, including Cincinnati's attempt to run 250-pound fullback Pete Johnson behind 280-pound Anthony Munoz on fourth-and-goal from inside the one.

The play was met head-on for no gain by Reynolds and seemingly the 49ers' entire defense. Replays reveal that Reynolds actually began moving into position to make the stop before the handoff.

"I knew exactly what they were going to do... exactly," he says. "I know why, but I can't say."

Maybe it was the film work that tipped him off. Maybe it was his uncanny instinct. Certainly the challenge of the moment had something to do with it.

Reynolds has established himself as one of the most effective and cleanest-hitting linebackers in the game.

"I honestly can say I never try to hurt anybody," Reynolds says. "You never like to see somebody get hurt because eventually the shoe will be on the other foot, your foot."

"Violence bothers me... unnecessary stuff like spearing, hitting late, using elbows to the head... those kinds of cheap shots. There are plenty of ways to deal with a situation legally, even if you are aggravated at something somebody did to you. You have to play within the rules so you don't hurt your team with a penalty. Guys who brag about using unnecessary violence are ruining the game."

Reynolds pulls on his T-shirt, leans on his jeep, and gazes at the water where the barracuda still was swimming. After a few moments of deep thought, he looked down at the writing on his T-shirt: I'm too old, too short, too slow.

He smiles, looks back at the ocean, and points his finger.

"Damn old fish," he says, "I'm going to get you. I'll be back."

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SUCCESS STORY

Tommy Myers

A Case of Trying Harder...and Harder Still

By Bob Marshall

DICK NOLAN HAD JUST ENDED HIS conversation with Tommy Myers and headed downfield in his characteristic bent-knee shuffle. Myers watched him go but didn't speak. Instead, he slowly sank to his knees on the grass of the practice field.

The sounds—of teammates preparing for the day's work, of jet planes screaming overhead from the nearby airport, of reporters wisecracking on the sidelines—all faded. The only sound Myers heard was the echo of his own sobs. He was crying, and he couldn't stop.

Nolan had just told Myers that—after eight painful seasons—he had, at last, become a success.

"It was the happiest moment of my career," Myers says today, sitting behind his desk at the J.W. Mecom Company in Houston, a conspicuous offseason address and job. "It was the strangest and greatest sensation in the world. It seemed a little unreal: the Pro Bowl. I had made the Pro Bowl."

Strange, indeed. In New Orleans, it was an experience that transcended uniqueness. Myers had done more than achieve; he had beaten the odds. Of the more than 500 players who had passed through the New Orleans franchise during its troubled 12-year history, only seven others had made it to the Pro Bowl while wearing a Saints jersey.

Until 1979, success in New Orleans had meant not making "The Bottom 10," not losing them all. It had been a franchise of all the wrong clichés, of moral victories, of good efforts, of potential talent, of waiting for a next year that never came. Heroes were players who didn't make too many mistakes.

Yet in 1979, an 8-8 season that still ranks as the club's best ever, Myers and four teammates—Archie Manning, Chuck Muncie, Wes Chandler, and Henry Childs—had not just avoided mistakes, they had gained the recognition of their NFC peers as the best at their business.

Myers savors the memory.

"How do you achieve success?" he says rhetorically. "It's never one thing. Not really. If it was, it would be easy—



Myers's assets: desire and people who care.

and in this [football] business, it's not.

For Tommy Myers, success came early, but not easily. It came one step at a time. At 32, he can sit back and remember each step of his life, like a golfer going over the course.

FIRST, AND ALWAYS, SUCCESS FOR Myers meant desire...

He always was a gifted athlete, but at 5 feet 11 inches, he never had great speed, great size, or great strength. In countless training camps, he needed an equalizer.

"Success in this business—any business—means winning," Myers says. "It all comes down to your basic philosophy: How much are you willing to work for it?"

"If you're not the biggest or the fastest or the strongest, then you've got to try harder. My philosophy always has been, 'I'm going to try harder, then harder, then harder still.'"

But desire never is enough. Great athletes, like other great men, never do it alone, and success for Myers meant people who cared...

"I've been very fortunate to be surrounded by people who care very deeply for me, who were there at critical times in my life and kept me going," Myers says.

People such as Andy Marciano, a Syracuse University booster who offered

love and a family when Myers's world seemed to be falling apart.

"My father died of cancer between my freshman and sophomore years," Myers says. "Andy made sure I had a good job in the summer so I wouldn't have to borrow money from my mom."

And there was someone else—Vicki Kennard, a pretty nursing student who not only accepted Myers into her life, but accepted the role of a football wife.

"Losing is never easy on a player's wife," Myers says. "She has to share the misery you go through and the misery your failures can create."

"Vicki has been the stabilizing force in my life. I would never have made it without her."

THOSE PEOPLE—AND MANY OTHERS—were critical in helping Myers clear the deadly roadblock that threatened to snuff out his journey to success when it hardly had begun. Cancer...

In April, 1974, with two promising seasons behind him, Myers found himself in the hospital with a malignant melanoma that had reached life-threatening "stage three."

"I was taking a shower one day and discovered a black mole growing out of my navel," he says. "It was removed and a biopsy was run on it. The report said it was a malignancy."

"At the time, I didn't realize how serious it was. I was totally in the dark."

Vicki, a registered nurse, was the reason. As the bad news came in, it was delivered to Vicki first. She made the decision not to tell her husband why the surgeons had removed his umbilicus. She explained the surgery that left an incision from his sternum to his navel as simply exploratory. And when the rumors started circulating that Myers was the victim of a deadly form of cancer, she scoffed at them.

But she knew differently: Black mole cancer could be a rapid killer.

"Black mole cancer responds very poorly to conventional forms of cancer therapy," Vicki would say later, when the crisis period for Tommy had passed. "Chemotherapy isn't that effective, and

radiation does almost no good."

For Myers, ignorance truly was bliss.

"I was really too ignorant of what was actually happening to be very scared," Myers says. "Vicki was the one who knew all the problems, she was the one who had to bear the burden."

"She really helped me through that time."

The cancer was found to be localized. The surgery showed other areas were free of it, so Myers didn't need chemotherapy or radiation. Still, he had to rebuild himself after his weight fell to 155 pounds (from 180). He still gets x-rays and checkups twice yearly.

Unlike broken bones and torn tendons, cancer wasn't a simple rehabilitation job. And Myers showed up at training camp with a tender surgical scar running the length of his torso.

"I couldn't have made it back if it hadn't been for John North," Myers says. "He was the head coach then, and when I was still in the hospital he told Vicki to tell me I was his starting safety whenever I was ready to come back."

"He never forced me back in. He let me take the time I needed to work my way back into shape."

THE EXPERIENCE LEFT MYERS WITH A permanent worry: twice-yearly x-rays and examinations. But it also left him one step up on his teammates in the gradual climb to success. For success in the NFL, Myers says, means maturing, growing up in a world that doesn't guarantee a happy ending. . . .

While Myers honestly could wear the tag "wiry," he never has approached "muscle-bound." It was a painful shortcoming for a Saints safety in those days, an era when New Orleans seemed to start five men in the secondary: two corners, two safeties, and the opposing fullback. Myers led the team in tackles three times and was rewarded with an endless succession of bruised, dislocated, cracked, chipped, and broken bones, torn tendons, and ruptured cartilage.

By his second year, he could see a rocky road ahead in New Orleans, and he wasn't sure he wanted any part of it.

"Atlanta had creamed us in the opener 62-7, then Dallas bombed us 40-3," Myers says, wincing. "I went to John North after that game and told him 'I think I have a future in football, but if I stay here another season, I won't be able to walk, much less play football. I want to be traded.'"



Lending a hand to an Atlanta runner.

"John said he'd think about it. Well, a couple of days later he called me into his office."

"He told me, 'I've thought about it.'"

"I said, 'Well?'"

"He said, 'No.'"

Myers tried to escape again when Hank Stram's attempt to build a team crashed in flames. Stram's successor, Dick Nolan, was attempting to accommodate his unhappy star when Myers had a change of heart.

"I finally decided that I wasn't going to run away from the situation; it wasn't the answer," Myers says.

That acceptance, that maturity, prepared Myers for his final, amazing push. Unlike most of the Pro Bowlers before him, Myers earned the honor without ever having played on a team with a winning record.

THE ULTIMATE ENEMY OF EVERY athlete is losing. More than game balls lost or pride crushed, defeat means days, weeks, and even years have been wasted. To feel trapped in a "losing situation" is an emotionally robbing prospect. Ordinary men, with ordinary tolerances, simply are crushed by the weight of disappointment. To survive physically in those circumstances takes a rare gift; to excel takes moral and spiritual courage and a form of confidence of which few men are capable.

Myers did both. His performances made his presence in the Superdome conspicuous, and drew a spotlight of praise in a loser's den that he often considered a burden. It produced as much anger as ego satisfaction.

"People would come up to you after the game—fans and friends—and try to

offer consolation by saying, 'Hey, I know how you feel. You're too good to be with these guys.' But they didn't understand at all; I resented talk like that."

To stay ahead of the tide, to avoid being swept away by the hopelessness of constant coaching changes and losing seasons, Myers attempted to put the turmoil to work as a motivating factor.

"I really never had an overblown image of myself because I've more or less had to go into every camp with the idea that I had to prove to the coaching staff I was better than the new faces around," Myers says.

"Because of the coaching changes I really had to do it. I had to show a new coach that what he saw on film wasn't a mistake, I'm the player he heard I was. I could never let myself go."

"There never was any guarantee the new guy would like my style of play, my personality. I had to learn new defenses, keep in shape and be prepared to be just a little better than the competition."

EVENTUALLY, MYERS HELPED MAKE IT work. In 1979, the Saints had pushed to eight victories and had led their division at one point in the season. But on a Monday night that will not be forgotten, the bubble burst. Leading Oakland 35-14 at halftime, the Saints wilted in the face of a rally led by Raiders quarterback Ken Stabler and lost 42-35.

The following week they were pummeled by the San Diego Chargers 35-0, and the bad old days seemed to be back.

It was the Monday after that game that Myers was pondering his future when Nolan shuffled up.

"He asked me, 'What could be the greatest thing that could happen, Tommy?'"

"I said, 'If we were still able to make the playoffs.'"

"Well, he just shook his head, and said, 'What would be the next best thing?'"

"I said, 'If I made the Pro Bowl.'"

"He said, 'Well, you might have a little surprise coming tomorrow. But don't tell anybody.' Then he walked off."

"I don't know how to describe the feeling that went through me. I began to cry. It really shocked me. I grew up in the old school, and boys just didn't cry."

"But, I didn't care. It was the culmination of sixteen years of personal effort. We never did get into the playoffs...but I had something to prove that I was a success. Finally."

PROL

Ever Wonder?



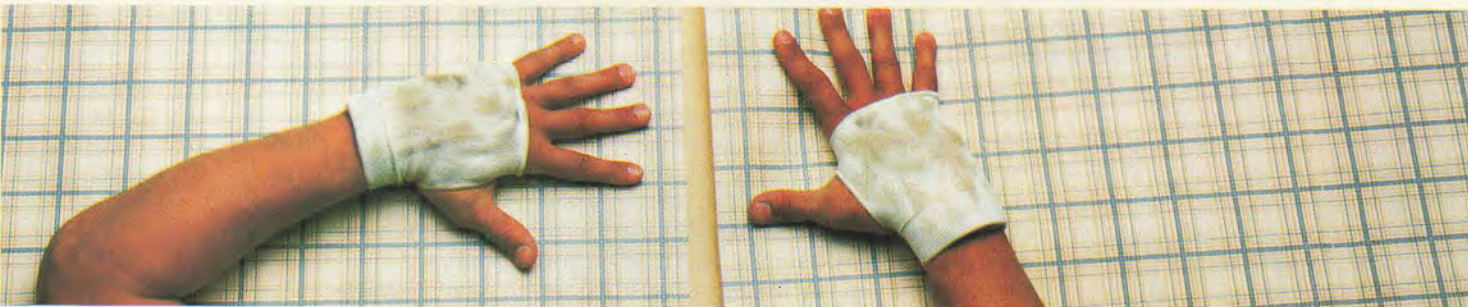
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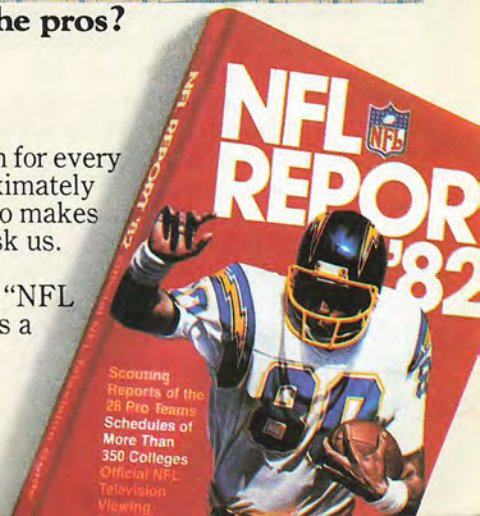


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Vice President at Age 24

By Mike Dodd

STEVE KREIDER'S VACATION LASTED less than 48 hours after Super Bowl XVI.

While most of his Cincinnati Bengals teammates still were recovering from the drain of the team's 23-game season and the disappointment of the loss to the 49ers, Kreider was in his office phoning prospective clients as vice president of a small Cincinnati engineering firm—not bad for a 24-year-old whose two partners each have more than 25 years of engineering experience.

Kreider handles the sales and financial operations of the company, Tetra-Dyne, Inc., or TDI. He's the front man, utilizing his visibility as a Bengals wide receiver to introduce TDI's services to clients who quickly find out that there's also a good head underneath Kreider's striped helmet. Overcoming the "jock" image in such a technical field as engineering has not been too difficult.

"I've found in school and in business that because of my visibility as a football player, everything I do is under a magnifying glass," Kreider says. "As far as I'm concerned, that's great, because one of the toughest hurdles anyone in a conventional situation has to overcome is making sure the good things he does are noticed. I don't have that problem. When I'm able to write with a pen instead of a crayon, people notice."

Recognition of his football skills didn't come as easily for Kreider, who was the Bengals' sixth-round draft choice out of Lehigh University, not far from his hometown of Reading, Pennsylvania. The fact that Lehigh's teams are nicknamed the Engineers says a lot about the school's priorities.

Kreider didn't get an athletic scholarship, because Lehigh doesn't give any. The competition in the classroom was just as intense as that on the field.

In his first season at Cincinnati, the speedy receiver caught only three passes. He increased that total to 17 in 1980, but last season Kreider finally was noticed when he beat out first-round draft choice David Verser for the Bengals' third wide receiver spot and had 37 receptions for 520 yards and five touchdowns. His 42-yard sprint set up the win-



Steve Kreider (right) joins his other team—business partners Fred Bandel (left) and John Walsh (middle)—in his offseason work with an engineering firm.

ning score in the AFC Divisional Playoff Game against Buffalo.

Kreider played the second half of the 1981 season on an injured knee, which required arthroscopic surgery last March. The rehabilitation of his knee made an already busy offseason schedule downright hectic.

Between paying the bills, making sales calls, and participating in planning sessions for TDI, Kreider squeezed in a two-hour workout every other day during his lunch break.

He also attended the University of Cincinnati at night, working on a master's degree in business administration to complement his bachelor's degree in electrical engineering from Lehigh.

In the previous offseason, Kreider worked as an electrical engineer for another Cincinnati company, where he met John Walsh and Fred Bandel, the two veteran engineers who approached him last fall about forming a "technical services" firm, which means they supply designers and engineers for industry on a project basis.

Though football occupies most of his time during the season, Kreider still will be active in business and school this fall, which he thinks actually improves his performance on the field.

The constant activity never has hurt Kreider's grades. He graduated from Lehigh with a 3.3 average (out of 4.0) and has a 3.9 at Cincinnati (straight A's except for one course).

While there isn't any technical material common to a playbook and blueprint, Kreider has found some carryover value from football to business.

"My dad once said, 'If you really like your boss, he probably isn't doing a good job. He's not leaning on you enough,'" Kreider says. "That applies a little bit to coach [Forrest] Gregg. I think the guy does a great job. I really respect him, and he leans on me awful good sometimes. Sometimes he leans on me with both feet."

"One of the things he has taught me is the value of preparation. Cover the angles before you're in the ball game."

"It's extremely important for me to be prepared as a football player to do the job on Sunday and also during the week in practice. Similarly, it's extremely important for me to be well-prepared during the week [in business]. . . ."

"Basically, preparation is planning. I've read *Wall Street Journal* articles that say most firms don't spend enough time planning. Maybe they should hire coach Gregg as an adjunct."

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Cookie

The Man Who Brought Character (Literally) to the Early AFL

By Larry Felser

"In training camp that year [1954], we were trying to sort out all the new faces when a strapping young high school fullback, who had broken all the high school records in Western Pennsylvania, came with his father to ask for a tryout. We were forbidden by NFL rules to sign anyone whose potential college class had not yet graduated, but his father insisted that the boy did not want to go to college and that we give him a tryout. We watched him run, just to ease out of the situation, but never scrimmaged him, as has often been reported. Nevertheless, the boy really intrigued me, and I even called Bert Bell to reaffirm the league rule. As I expected, Bert told me not to sign him. He left us, went to Canada, where he became a star, and stayed there even after he was eligible to sign with the NFL. Later he came back to play in the American Football League."

—Paul Brown in *PB: The Paul Brown Story*

IT WASN'T UNTIL NINE SEASONS LATER, the summer of 1962, that Carlton Chester (Cookie) Gilchrist crossed the border to play professional football in the United States. I played a small role in the move.

I was driving to the Buffalo Bills' training camp to report on the day's events for my newspaper. My car radio was tuned to a Toronto station when the music was interrupted for a sports bulletin:

"The Toronto Argonauts today suspended fullback Cookie Gilchrist after he refused to report to Montreal following a trade the Argos had made for him. Gilchrist says there is a no-trade clause in his contract and that Toronto's action makes him a free agent."

I had seen enough of Cookie in Canadian Football League games to know that Buffalo—or any other pro team—would improve itself by acquiring him.

I knew that Harvey Johnson, the Bills' personnel director, had been Gilchrist's first coach in Canadian football and that the two still were close. When I arrived at the camp, I told Johnson what I had heard on the radio.

An hour later, Johnson was on the

Queen Elizabeth Highway, headed north. Gilchrist's claim about free agency was accurate.

The next day, while Cookie was negotiating his new contract with Buffalo, players were being briefed about his legendary exploits on the field. The two Buffalo quarterbacks, Al Dorow and Johnny Green, had played with Gilchrist in Canada.

"You know how the backs can be in motion toward the line of scrimmage in Canadian football," Dorow said, "well, when Cookie started in motion, you could feel the ground tremble. He hurt people when he hit them."

"The quarterbacks had to keep one thing in mind when they handed off," Green said. "You stayed clear of him or you would wind up two yards past the line of scrimmage like the defensive guys who met him head on. You handed off like a bullfighter."

Cookie was 27 and weighed in at 243 pounds that first day. He ran a 4.6 in the 40-yard dash.

His first game, a preseason contest against the New York Jets (then the Titans) at a high school stadium in New Haven, Connecticut, is part of Bills lore.

He came out to board the team bus dressed in white walking shorts, white knee socks, white knit shirt with a red paisley ascot, black buckle loafers, and a walking stick. Johnson suggested he change into more appropriate garb. Gilchrist complied.

He had practiced only a few days with his new team and wasn't expected to play much. But he did kick off to start the game. He also knocked down three blockers and made the tackle.

But he made his biggest impact at halftime. As the squad filed into the dressing room, Gilchrist whipped off his uniform and pads and headed for the showers.

"What's he doing? Quitting?" asked Lou Saban, then the Buffalo coach.

"No," Cookie said. "I just like to get a fresh start in the second half. I shower and put on clean clothes at halftime of most games."

When Jim Trimble was coaching the

Hamilton Tiger-Cats and Gilchrist was his fullback, the two huge men got into an argument that quickly grew more bitter. Challenges were thrown.

But Cookie maintained his sense of decorum.

"You're the coach," he said. "You get to throw the first punch."

The fight was over before a blow had been struck.

His reputation as a character almost obscured his ability as a football player. Almost. It was impossible to obscure the 1958 season, when he gained 1,254 yards with Saskatchewan of the CFL. In NFL history to that point, only Jim Brown ever had gained more.

The comparisons to Brown were inevitable, and they irritated Gilchrist.

"Jim Brown was a great player, but I thought I was the more complete player," he says. "His offense was set up so that he didn't have to block. To me, blocking was just as important."

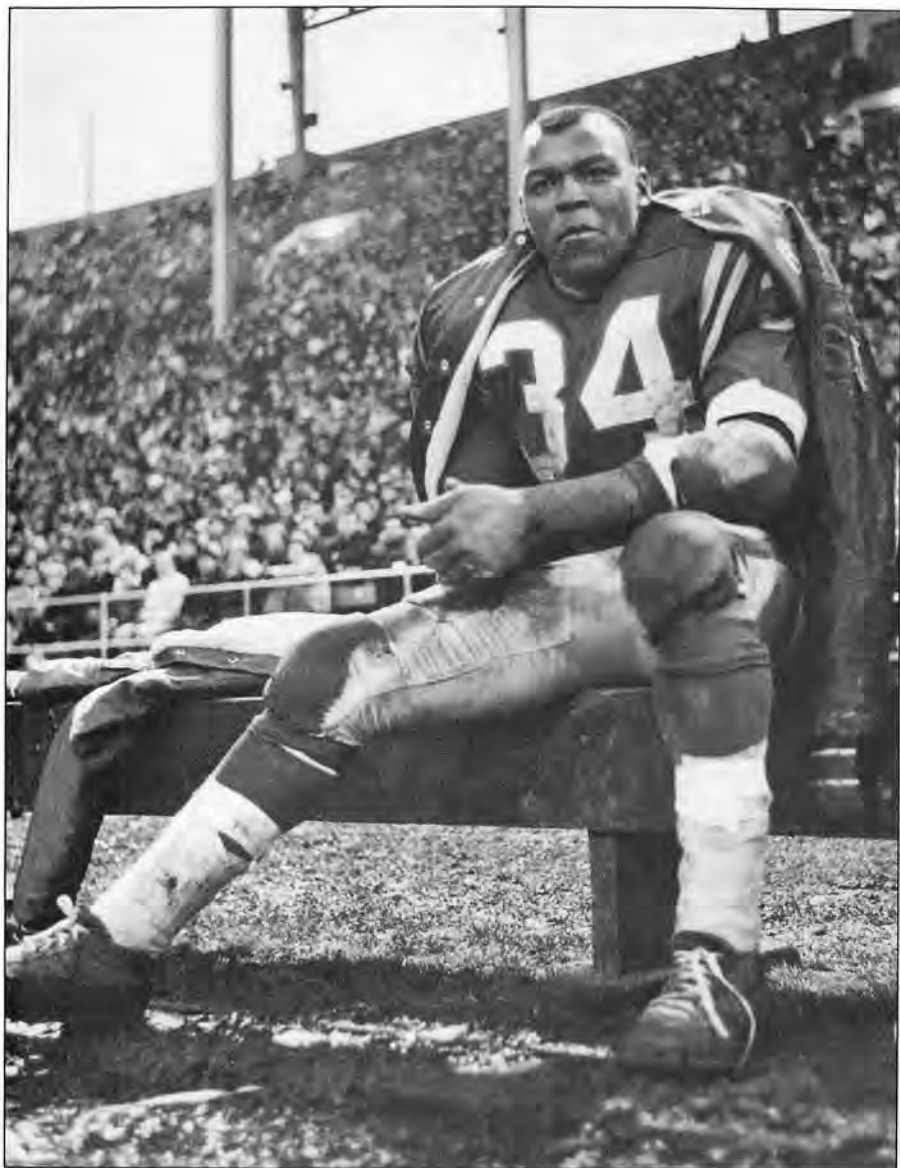
When Buffalo won its first AFL championship in 1964, one of the Bills' most potent goal-line plays was the insertion of Daryle Lamonia at quarterback for Jack Kemp. Lamonia would bootleg behind Gilchrist and captain Billy Shaw, the All-AFL guard. It was crushingly effective.

"Cookie was the best all-around football player I ever saw in my life," says Eddie Abramowski, the Bills' trainer since 1960 (and before that, a member of the Detroit Lions' training staff).

"He could have played guard, tackle, center, tight end, defensive line, linebacker, anything," Abramowski says. "He had grace, body control, great strength, and something that was extra special—the knack for knowing just when to uncoil, which would send guys tumbling like they were rubber when he hit them."

"I've never seen a better pass-blocking back. In his prime with the Bills, he weighed 252 pounds. He was like a tank in front of Kemp or Lamonia. Blitzers would just careen off him."

In Canada, Gilchrist played fullback, defensive tackle, and linebacker; he also kicked off, kicked field goals and extra points, and played on special teams.



Cookie on Cookie: "Jim Brown was a great player, but I... was the more complete player."

When he came down to Buffalo, his duties were reduced. All the Bills wanted him to do was placekick, play fullback, and, of course, fill some seats for them. That he did. He was the AFL's most colorful star until the Jets signed Joe Namath.

In his first AFL season, 1962, he gained 1,096 yards to become the league's first 1,000-yard rusher. He scored 15 touchdowns, added 38 points on kicks, and was voted the AFL's most valuable player.

Before the next season, he went to Saban with an idea.

"Look Lou," he said. "Sign me to two individual contracts for two individual salaries and I'll be your middle linebacker as well as your fullback. Besides, I get moody when I don't play defense. It bores me to sit on the bench."

Saban declined the offer. Besides, the Bills preferred it if Cookie entered the game a little moody.

"I save up an entire week's worth of frustrations," Gilchrist once said. "I get cut off in traffic, I don't make a fuss. My wife nags me about taking out the garbage, I don't argue with her."

"Then, on Sunday afternoon, I get even by taking out all my frustrations on the opposing team."

He often shed his aggressions at the expense of the Jets. He once gained 243 yards against them (with five more nullified by a penalty) and scored five touchdowns.

But his most memorable game with the Bills came at Fenway Park in Boston in December, 1964, with the AFL's Eastern Division championship at stake. It was one of those either-or situations. Buffalo had won 11 of its 13 games. Of the two losses one was to the Patriots. The other loss was to Oakland.

If the Bills won this game in the snow, they would be Eastern champions for the first time. If the Patriots won, they

would have defended their Eastern title.

The game's first play from scrimmage was a weather vane.

Gilchrist, 252 pounds of muscle, speed, and power, was aimed around the left side on a sweep. Cookie didn't even try to evade the right cornerback, Chuck Shonta, who came up to close the play.

Using his forearm as a wrecking bar, Cookie swung it toward Shonta's jaw. The cornerback stopped the play after a nine-yard gain, but when they unpiled, Shonta was unconscious.

Cookie walked past the Patriots' defensive huddle on his way back to join his teammates.

"Which one of you bleep-bleepers is next?" he asked, pointing his finger.

Except for the formalities, the ball game was over right there. Buffalo won 24-14, and went on to defeat San Diego in the AFL Championship Game.

Gilchrist spent three years with the Bills, winning two rushing championships and leading the AFL in rushing touchdowns all three years. But the philosophy of most of his employers was "play him for a couple of years, then trade him before you have a nervous breakdown."

His three-year hitch with Buffalo was the longest of his 14-season career.

Traded to Denver by the Bills in 1965, he had his last good year there.

In Denver, Gilchrist always traveled around with a chauffeur, halfback Odell Barry, who became so attached to Cookie that his teammates referred to him as Wafer. The car Wafer drove for the boss was equipped with a mobile telephone. One day a reporter dialed the number.

"Wafer, let me talk to Cookie, please," said the writer.

In a reply that lives in Denver sports lore, Wafer said, "Just a second. I'll see if he's in."

Now 47, Cookie lives in Wilmington, Delaware. He sells copies of a plaque that bears an inspirational poem he wrote about sports and life. The sales are aimed at sports teams, mostly youth, schools, and amateurs—for awards and motivational devices.

PRO!

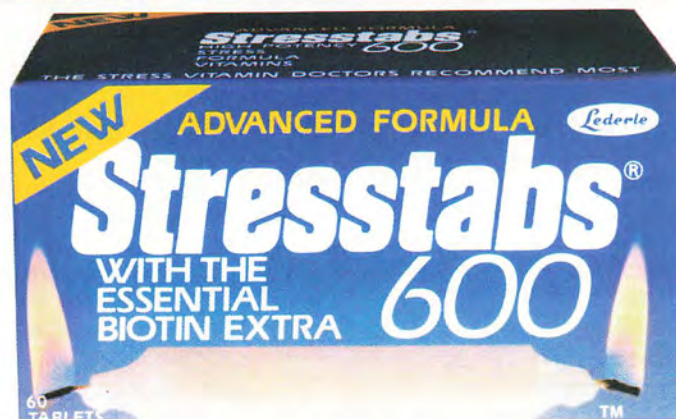
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STRESSTABS®—The Stress Formula Vitamin Doctors Recommend Most.

Reference: 1. Simmons Market Research Bureau, Survey of Product Usage, 1981.

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etc!

By Ted Brock

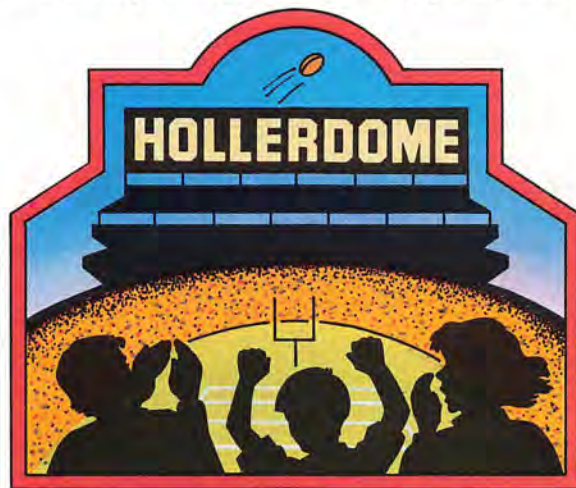
If There's Anything You Need, Just Give a . . .

League expansion and relocation are volatile subjects wherever the NFL is discussed these days. Now that geography has become professional football's fourth dimension, we can expect more and more towns to follow the example of Spivey's Corner, North Carolina, population 49.

Last February, a banker named Ermon Godwin sent a letter to NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle offering Spivey's Corner as the site of Super Bowl XIX in 1985.

The town is no newcomer in the field of special events. Spivey's Corner is the site of the annual Hollerin' Contest. It's a tradition that has sur-

vived the advent of modern communication; as many as 15,000 show up annually to see which of the locals can shout most like his ancestors of the pre-telephone



ready for Spivey's Corner," Rozelle wrote, citing the annual Friday night pregame party as one major logistical problem. "The only available facility is the back room of your downtown diner. That room at capacity seats a cozy 30 people. If we allowed each guest to attend the party for just one hour, we would have to start... sometime on Monday...."

Rozelle also wrote, "There are just too many distractions and places for the players to get into trouble and break curfew.... A full year of hard work and discipline could be destroyed the week before the season's most important game."

days. For the Super Bowl, city officials offered to build a "Hollerday Inn" and a "Hollerdome," but even so, the league sent its regrets.

"The NFL is not quite

Royal Welcome

A burning question these days is: Are you in step with the computer age, and can you prove it?

Okay, so that makes two questions. The answers, for some of the advanced media figures who showed up for Super Bowl XVI in Pontiac, Michigan, last January, were "no" and "yes."

No, because these journalists arrived at their hotel rooms to learn that they had been short-changed by the computer age. Carrying sophisticated portable display terminals, they had graduated to the plateau of being able to file stories bedside. The terminal's convenience feature is that it hooks up to any conventional telephone receiver and sends its message back home to the main office via Ma Bell.

So what was the first thing these reporters noticed upon entering their rooms?

Princess phones.

Princess phones, those petite, cute-as-a-button, non-essential leftovers of the 1960s, are not welcome in the computer age. Real reporters use real phones on their terminals. Not because they're tough guys, but because the princesses won't connect.

It was no fairy tale, but it had a happy ending. The crisis had been defused well in advance, when the NFL had installed 75 real phones in the hotel's press room.



“Quote . . .

Recently retired Dallas linebacker **D.D. Lewis**: "Texas Stadium has a hole in the roof so God can watch his favorite team."

Dallas Times-Herald columnist **Blackie Sherrod**, on hearing the title of the Cowboys' 1981 highlight film "Star Spangled Cowboys": "Do you have to stand up while watching it?"

Dallas head coach **Tom Landry**, performing the first take of a commercial for now-defunct Braniff Airways: "Fry Braniff."

. . . unquote ”

Enter Tasco®'s Colossal "Close-up Contest." Win a trip to Super Bowl XVII plus \$5,000 cash!

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1000 Third Prizes: **Tasco® Officially Licensed NFL All-Team Sports Glasses.** Get 2½ times closer to the action. They snap open and fold for easy carrying in your pocket. Comes with the insignia and colors of all the NFL teams.

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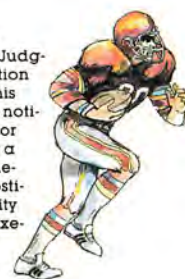
1. On an official entry blank or a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper, handprint your name, address, zip code, telephone number and correctly identify the three photographs on the entry blank using the clues provided. You may obtain the three correct answers by writing to: **TASCO® CORRECT ANSWERS, P.O. Box 2834, Westbury, NY 11591.**

2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to: **TASCO® SUPER BOWL SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 2846, Westbury, NY 11591.** All entries must be received by December 31, 1982.

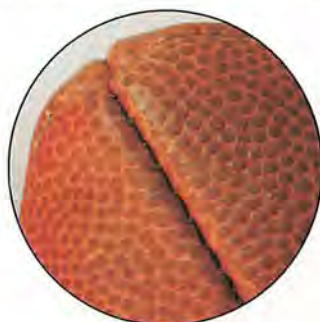
3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from among entries with the correct answers, by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this sweepstakes. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail or telephone. Only one prize to a family or household. In the event the Grand Prize trip is won by a minor, it will be awarded in the name of a parent or legal guardian. Prizes are nontransferable and no substitutions are allowed. Taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners. Winners may be asked to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release.

4. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S., except employees and their families of **TASCO® SALES, INC.,** its advertising agency and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. This offer is void in Wisconsin and wherever else prohibited, and subject to all federal, state and local laws.

5. For a list of major winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: **TASCO® SUPER BOWL WINNERS, P.O. Box 2867, Westbury, NY 11591.**



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Close-up #1



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Close-up #3



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Running Out of His Lane?

Amid the skepticism surrounding the San Francisco 49ers' signing of world record high hurdler Renaldo Nehemiah as a wide receiver, head coach Bill Walsh was certain in his praise for the former high school quarterback's special ability to keep his body balanced.

Walsh might have cited another fact, this one an historic precedent: Hurdlers have had remarkable success in pro football...and with San Francisco in particular.

Pro Football Hall of Fame halfback Hugh McElhenny, a former 49er, once was a city high school high hurdles champion in Los Angeles and as a collegian in the state of Washington.

Jim Johnson, a long-time all-pro cornerback with the Niners, was an NCAA champion at UCLA. Wide receiver Bernie Casey from Bowling Green, had been an NCAA finalist. Boyd Dowler, a starter on Green Bay's first Super Bowl champions, also was an NCAA finalist.

James Owens, who placed sixth in the 110-meter hurdles at the 1976 Montreal Olympics, signed with the 49ers in 1979 and since has moved on to Tampa Bay.

Other top hurdlers have left their signatures around the league. Earl (The Pearl) McCullouch equaled a world record at USC, then went on to become NFL rookie of the year with Detroit. Glenn Davis, the 1960 Olympic 400-meter hurdles gold medalist from Ohio State, also played for the Lions. Clyde (Smackover) Scott won a silver medal at the 1948 London Olympics, then went from the University of Arkansas to sign as a running back with the Philadelphia Eagles.

So Nehemiah has history on his side, not to mention the current world record in his event. There's only one experience the other hurdlers share that Nehemiah never had: college football. Whether that matters, in the case of someone with his physical credentials, remains to be seen.

Bump and Run and Run and Run

Police and highway patrolmen in southern California have been keeping an eye out for a new menace on the roads in recent months. He's nicknamed the Free-way Bumper, and it's a wonder that his craft hasn't been perfected until now.

His technique is simple: Drive onto a crowded freeway, hit an expensive automobile, and, while exchanging information with the other driver, hop into his or her car and drive away.

The Bumper crossed paths with an NFL executive last May, in the early hours of Memorial Day weekend. He bumped and drove off with a late model Mercedes belonging to Los Angeles Rams general manager Don Klosterman.



POSTGAME FACE

"My skin gets beat up just like I do."

That isn't a line from a televised endorsement for moisturizing cream. It's an endorsement of another kind.


The line belongs to Oakland Raiders wide receiver Bob Chandler, who patronizes a Beverly Hills beauty salon run by a 66-year-old Czechoslovakian immigrant named Georgette Klinger. "Men are becoming more visual," she says.

Chandler's trips to Ms. Klinger's parlor are part of his recovery program after getting "beat up" once a week during the fall. Granted, the comparison between his face and the rest of his body may be stretching things a little. In last year's opening game against Denver, Chandler suffered cracked ribs and the eventual loss of his spleen, keeping him out of action for five games.



Aisle of Paradise

Ron Meyer, the New England Patriots' first-year coach, grew up in Columbus, Ohio, where his love of football naturally focused on and was fed by the Ohio State Buckeyes.

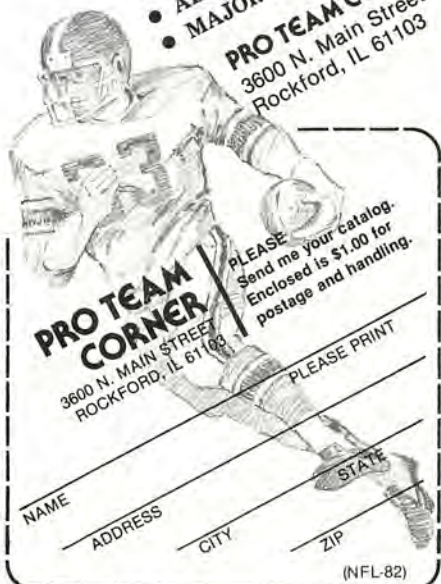
Reflecting on his childhood, Meyer says, "You had to be a Boy Scout to be an usher [at the Ohio State games], so I joined the Boy Scouts. I think I saw every home game from 1951 to 1958, and I wound up an Eagle Scout." 

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END ZONE

Reflections on Last Season's PRO!

I wanted to write to tell you how excited I am about and how much I enjoy *PRO!* magazine. I'm a real dedicated football nut, and I appreciate the variety of articles you print about each of the teams, their coaches, players, and those wonderful, die-hard fans. I enjoy the good humor with which so many of these articles are written. I'm especially impressed with the "good" you print about the teams, their coaches, and players. Your magazine doesn't seem to dwell on...how badly a player or team has performed...I have read articles in other sports magazines that have been so critical and degrading that it reached the point of disgust with me...I feel our newspapers do enough of that.

Thank you again for such a super magazine. Keep up the good work.

Laura Hanks

Colorado Springs, Colorado

Nineteen eighty-one was absolutely a fantastic season. San Francisco has fulfilled its potential, from a tear-shedding worst to a gold-strike first...I wish to commend you for last season's achievements...I don't know how you managed it, but please don't change it.

Tony Stokes

Nashville, Tennessee

I am an avid reader of *PRO!* and have been since it first surfaced. The quality of your articles is outstanding. What interests me the most, being a photo nut, is the quality of your photos. They are simply outstanding. I believe they stand high and above any of your competitors.

Ray Best

Oak Lawn, Illinois

As a new subscriber, I want to congratulate you and your staff on the finest football magazine I have ever read. Finally, a magazine that has it all.

Ron Matz

Dover, Delaware

I subscribed to *PRO!* through a television ad, and your book isn't what I thought it would be. Instead, every other page is nothing but advertising. I see enough of that on television. I took *PRO!* to the plant where I work, which employs about 500 people. I took it to four departments and asked the people if they would buy this book, and they said no because of too much advertising and not enough pictures of special plays or strategy, yards gained or lost, etc. I will cancel my subscription. I like the idea of your book, and I am writing because I am concerned for your book and football in the future.

Joe C. Lopez

Madera, California

The Team of the '70s?

So much has been said about the Pittsburgh Steelers. They are called the team of the '70s. Not so. The Miami Dolphins are the team of the '70s. They are the only team to go undefeated (17-0), the only team that went to the Super Bowl three straight times—VI, VII, and VIII. They had a two-season winning record of 26-2, and they were the only team to beat another team (Buffalo) in the same conference for over 10 years straight. The Miami Dolphins are the best team of the decade, and Don Shula the best coach.

Michael John Antonuik

Warren, Michigan

Three Cheers for Montville

The article in the December issue, "Red, White, and True Blue" seemed to have ruffled the feathers of Dallas Cowboys fans. Three cheers for Leigh Montville! I am sick and tired of Dallas Cowboys publicity everywhere you turn. There are other teams in the NFL and they are held in great esteem by their fans...It is sad to see Pennsylvanians who need to support a team in Texas. Try loyalty!

Madeline White

Washington, D.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS: Page 4—Pat Reynolds, left; Thomas Kelsey, center; Carole Adams, right. 17—Kernal Buhler, top left and center; Miguel Elliott, right. 19—New York Daily News, left; Corky Trewin, center and right. 27—M.V. Rubio. 28—Ross Lewis. 39—Al Messerschmidt. 40—Al Messerschmidt, top left; Michael Zagaris, top right; Peter Read Miller, bottom left; John Biever, bottom right. 42—Hugh Jones. 43—Tony Tomsic, top; Peter Read Miller, bottom. 63—Michael Yada. 64—Darryl Norenberg. 66—Darryl Norenberg, top; Al Messerschmidt, bottom. 67—Peter Read Miller. 69—Sam Stone. 71—R.H. Stagg. 80—Pat Reynolds. 82—Al Messerschmidt. 85—Jim Campbell. 86—Al Messerschmidt. 88—L.D. Fullerton. 90—Robert L. Smith.

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Experts say it's right.

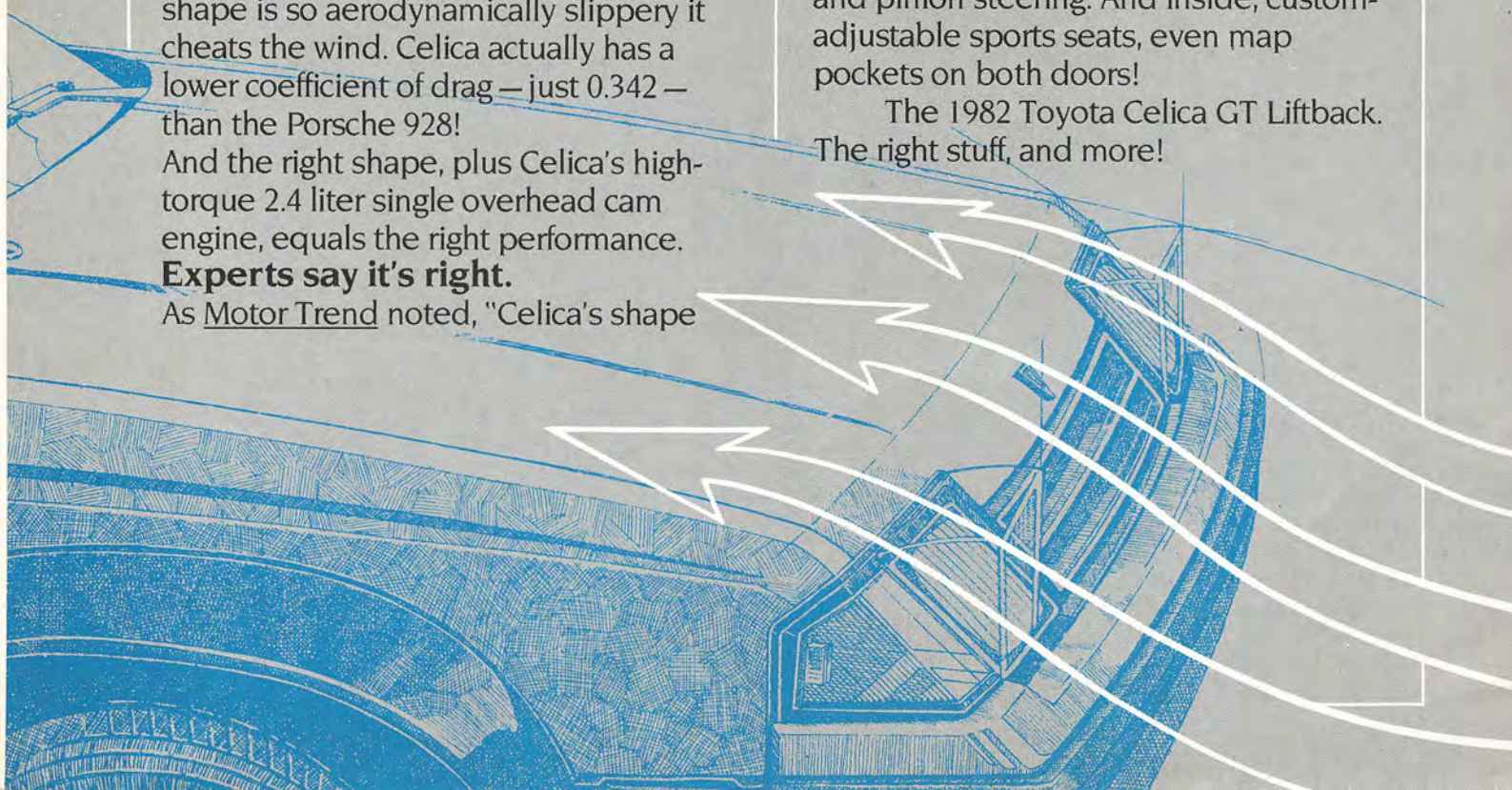
As Motor Trend noted, "Celica's shape

is clean and highly contemporary — strong angularity diluted with just a little organic roundness."

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